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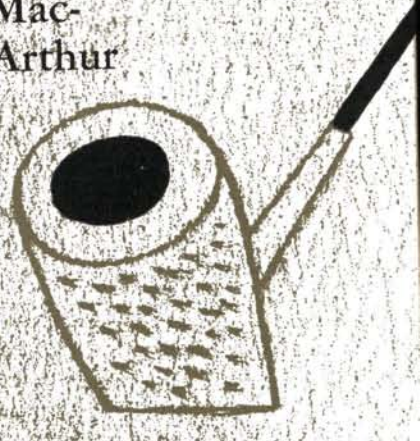

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By ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

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We don't have any statistics on this but we'd like to bet that when a kid gets his first gold star for winning a spelling bee, or his Merit Badge in Campcraft, or his blue ribbon for best of breed, it's a really vital experience like falling in love for the first time, or getting married, or landing a six pound trout.

The gold star principle follows us right through our lives, from Merit Badges to Nobel Prizes, and a nice thing it is too. Everybody's proud to get an award for a job well done. And that's why this column is devoted to some award winning titles which Pocket Books, Inc. is now publishing, including, this month:

Last year, the entire book industry got together to select NATIONAL BOOK AWARD winners in various categories of literary endeavor. The distinguished board of judges—Mary Colum, Malcolm Cowley, Max Gissen, W. G. Rogers and Glenway Wescott—selected Nelson Algren's THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM for the first fiction award.

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TRADE Winds

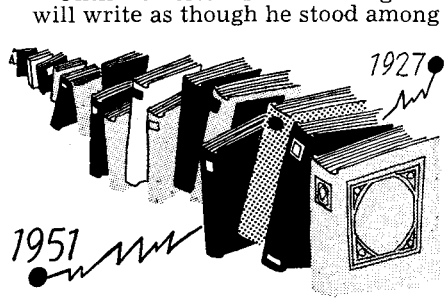
SIMON AND SCHUSTER have made a distinguished addition to their editorial staff in the person of Joseph Barnes, former foreign news editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and editor of the short-lived *New York Star*. Barnes accompanied Wendell Willkie on the famous "One World" tour in 1942 and is in the process of completing a biography of Mr. Willkie for eventual publication by S. and S. . . . Another member of that globe-girdling tour was Gardner ("Mike") Cowles, the brilliant editor of *Look* magazine. Just before the party embarked FDR gave Willkie a letter to be delivered personally to Joe Stalin. Cowles, who was well aware of Willkie's propensity for misplacing valuable documents, copies of speeches he was to deliver, and the like, suggested that he take care of the precious letter, but Willkie wouldn't hear of it. Result: when Willkie was suddenly summoned one midnight in Moscow

for a private powwow with His Nibs, Mr. Stalin, the letter could not be found. Frantically, Cowles and Barnes dumped all of Willkie's luggage on the bed. At the last minute the letter was retrieved from the pocket of a soiled shirt at the bottom of the laundry bag.

"I'll cut you fellows in on this if I possibly can," promised Willkie, and sure enough about 2 A.M. a call came from the Kremlin summoning Cowles and Barnes to the confab. Cowles recalls being driven lickety-split through the pitch black streets of Moscow in a Cadillac limousine with no lights. "That we didn't run over anybody," he says, "was a miracle." Inside the Kremlin they were ushered to Stalin's private apartment and after much palaver and schnaps, posed with Willkie, Stalin, and his interpreter in a series of photographs that were plastered all over the front page of Pravda the next day . . . . As a final irony, FDR's private note to Stalin never was delivered. In the excitement of the moment at the Kremlin Willkie forgot all about it, and it was still in his inside pocket when he returned to New York . . . . How long ago that all seems—less than nine years that have become an eternity!

IN CASE YOU MISSED the complete text of William Faulkner's magnificent Nobel Prize Award speech printed in the *New York Herald Tribune Book Review* for January 14 I am privileged to reprint it here:

> I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.
>
> Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: when will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.
>
> He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.
>
> Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among



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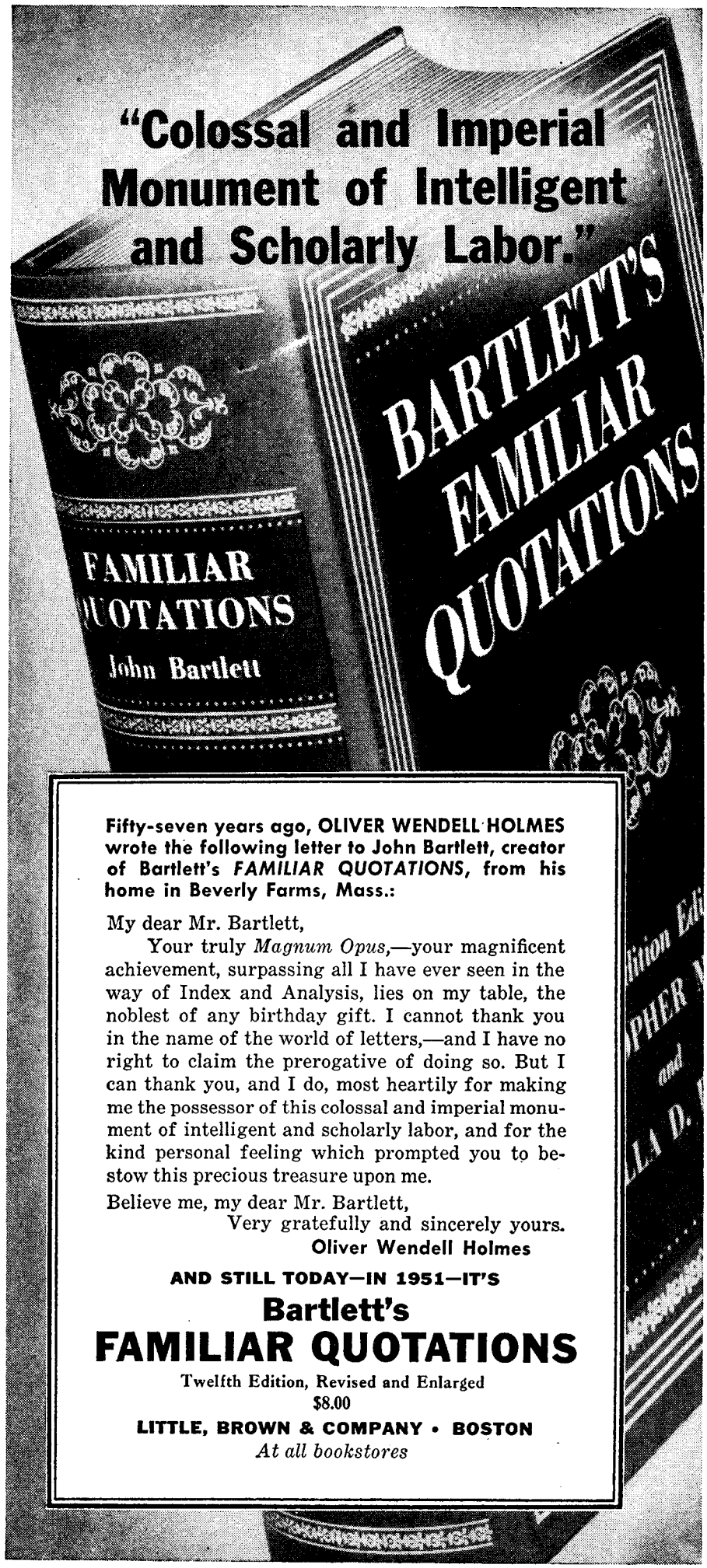
and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

NEVIL SHUTE'S new novel, "Round the Bend" (Morrow), a BOMC choice for March, emphasizes the satisfaction a man can get out of a day's work when he has faith that the right is on his side . . . . In another new Morrow publication, "Just As It Happened," Sir Newman Flower, former head of the potent British publishing firm of Cassell, looks back over his half-century in the British literary world and writes charmingly of the famous men and women he encountered there . . . . The Literary Guild, which believes in working ahead of time, has already made its selections for May and June. The author of the May choice is an Irish actor. His name is Walter Macken, his background the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, his publisher Macmillan, and his novel is called "Rain on the Wind." The June Guild selection will be Cardinal Spellman's novel, "The Foundling." . . . . Incidentally, the Guild is celebrating its twenty-fourth anniversary next month by offering James Hilton's "Morning Journey," its 289th selection, to its 750,000 members. The first Guild selection, "Anthony Comstock," by Heywood Broun and Peggy Leech, went to 5732 members in March 1927. That year the Guild sent out 254,342 books; its 1950 total was 8,790,974. To readers inclined to scoff at the general caliber of book-club selections the Guild proudly points out that authors it has tapped include Dorothy Parker, Sinclair Lewis, Pearl Buck, Robert Penn Warren, Rosamond Lehmann, Lion Feuchtwanger, Ellen Glasgow, Vincent Sheean, Elizabeth Bowen, Oliver La Farge, and Daphne Du Maurier . . . . Ilka Chase's new novel, "New York 22," will soon be unveiled by Doubleday, but when she found time to finish it, what with innumer-



Fifty-seven years ago, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES wrote the following letter to John Bartlett, creator of Bartlett's *FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS*, from his home in Beverly Farms, Mass.:

My dear Mr. Bartlett,

Your truly *Magnum Opus*,—your magnificent achievement, surpassing all I have ever seen in the way of Index and Analysis, lies on my table, the noblest of any birthday gift. I cannot thank you in the name of the world of letters,—and I have no right to claim the prerogative of doing so. But I can thank you, and I do, most heartily for making me the possessor of this colossal and imperial monument of intelligent and scholarly labor, and for the kind personal feeling which prompted you to bestow this precious treasure upon me.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Bartlett,

Very gratefully and sincerely yours.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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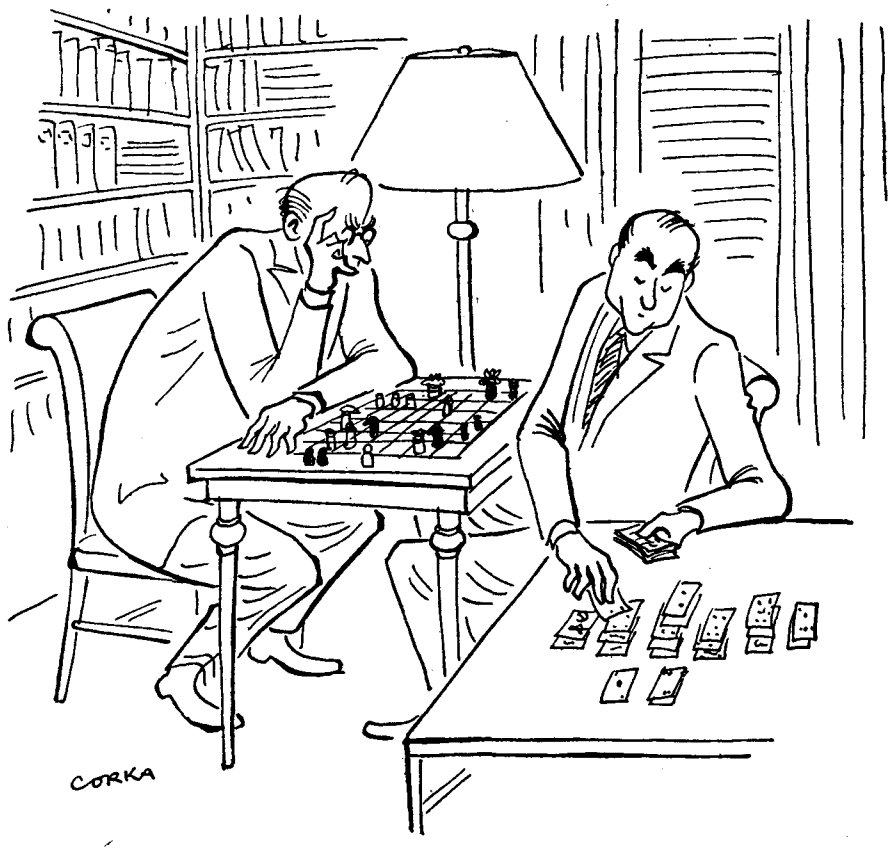

able lectures and television stints, I'll never understand. Ilka herself explains, "My gestation period grows longer and longer. This one took twenty-one months!"

LONDON . . . . The annual conference of the Booksellers Association is set for June 22 this year in Dublin. Some English novels finally must have gotten by the Irish censors! . . . *Bookseller* magazine's "Behind the Lines" editor, browsing in the unabridged Oxford Dictionary, learned that the word "publisher" was first used in the modern sense in 1740. The compilers chose as an illustration an instance of 1791. "Petty dealers," it runs, "or vendors of small wares, *like our publishers.*" . . . Chatto and Windus, Marcel Proust's English publishers, have issued a monograph recommending that admirers of "Remembrance of Things Past" have in their libraries Maurois' "The Quest for Proust," H. March's "The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust," Mina Curtiss's "Letters of Proust," and Justin O'Brien's "The Maxims of Proust." Later this year Chatto will publish "A Reader's Handbook to Proust," compiled by Anthony Spalding, which will provide a valuable summary of the contents of each volume of his master work and—for the first time in English—a complete and detailed index of characters and subjects . . . . Gollancz has just published "Thirty Years with GBS," by Blanche Patch, who was Shaw's confidential secretary till his death and knew more intimate details about him than all his biographers combined. I spent a whole afternoon alone with Mr. Shaw in 1936 and another with him and Miss Patch, and some day I mean to devote a column thereto. For the time being however I feel that far too much has been written about Shaw by far too many people who possibly saw him for ten minutes in all but became great "intimates" the moment he was dead.

FRANCES RODMAN TELLS of a morning Ernest Hemingway was working on his novel "Across the River and Into the Trees" on the terrace of a small hotel not far from Venice. A couple

of tourists appeared upon the scene, talking loudly, and the proprietor hastened to whisper to them, "Quiet! Don't you recognize that that man there is Ernest Hemingway?" "No!" exclaimed one tourist. "What's he doing here in Italy?" "Finishing a novel," declared the proprietor. "How nice for him," enthused the tourist. "What's he reading?"

—BENNETT CERF.

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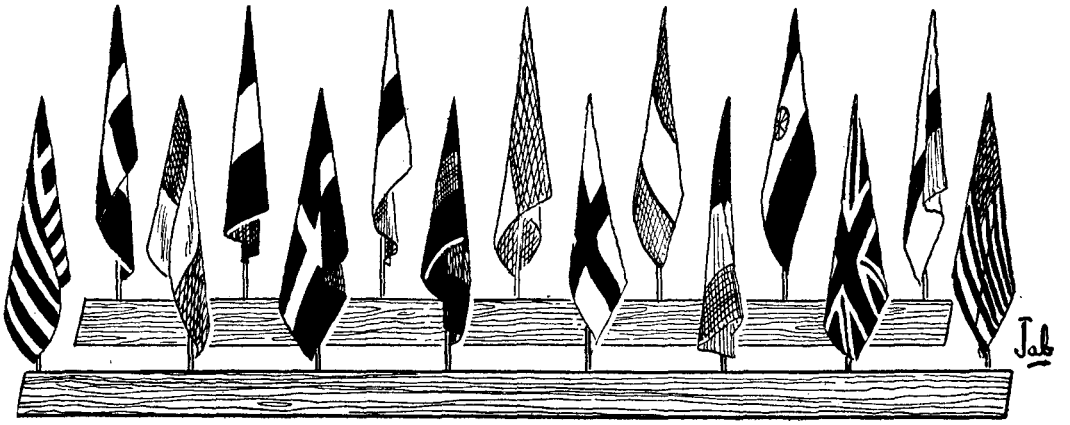

Europe & The Voice of America

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON

—*Paul Cordes.*
Robert Lewis Shayon

THE weapons of the world war of ideas are printed matter, films, and radio broadcasts. Although the tactical use of publications and motion pictures on the communications front is heavy, particularly by the United States, the principal burden of ideological attack and defense is borne by radio. Radio is the most effective means of reaching directly the peoples of other countries. It surmounts barriers of distance, censorship, illiteracy, foreign exchange, paper shortage, cartels, and tariffs.

The latest figures (including repeat broadcasts) indicate that the Western powers may be enjoying a statistical lead over the Communist nations in foreign broadcast hours. But the West's lead is balanced by a lack of unity among Western broadcasters. There is no common policy, no common directive. Russia's European satellites, on the other hand, ape Radio Moscow faithfully, and Communist China's foreign broadcast themes appear to be the same as those of the Soviet Union.

The USSR places a top priority on its communications front. Not only does it lavish huge sums of money upon it; it also enlists its most competent technicians and most creative imaginations for the job of psychological warfare. Britain, a master of the art of international broadcasting, provides the BBC with probably the best staff available in England, and gives it excellent facilities. Still, the nation can afford to spend roughly only $12,500,000 a year for the BBC.

As for the Voice of America, its drop-in-the-bucket budget prevents it from employing the top broadcasting talent available in the United States. Foy D. Kohler, chief of the Voice of America, has stated: "The twenty-five-language, relatively feeble Voice of America cost the American people about $10,000,000. When we reach the expanded level of fifty languages we will be spending about $25,000,000. Even then our budget will be only about equal to the radio budget of a considerable number of individual American firms for advertising their products domestically." Although the appropriations authorized by the Eighty-first Congress were the most generous yet made, it is clear that the United States is not spending as much as it can afford for the vital, psychological third front of the defense of freedom. But a bigger budget alone would not solve all the VOA's problems. There are other keys to maximum effectiveness—political, technical, and professional.

In addition to the official Voice non-Government organizations also contribute to the propaganda output. The World Wide Broadcasting Foundation in Boston, Massachusetts, a non-profit organization, supported by contributions, broadcasts an hour and a half of English-language programs daily to fifty-eight countries over Station WRUL in Boston and associated stations of the World Wide Broadcasting Corporation. The programs are "educational and inspirational — designed to build international understanding and good will among the peoples of the world."

ANOTHER private American broadcasting organization, Radio Free Europe, went on the air for the first time on July 14, 1950, in Frankfurt, Germany. It addresses itself to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Radio Free Europe broadcasts seven and a half hours a day—an hour and a half to each country. Beginning April 1 it will operate a new medium-wave transmitter in Munich, addressing itself exclusively to Czechoslovakia with a new "home service." RFE is unhampered by diplomatic inhibitions; its aim is to supplement the Voice of America, to say things that the Voice, an organ of the State Department, cannot say.

Radio Free Europe is almost, but not quite, waging all-out psychological warfare; its intention is "to keep hope alive among the unwilling victims of Russian domination, to assure them that they are not forgotten, and that the Free West is stronger than the East and must eventually triumph."

While there is some evidence that Radio Free Europe is being listened to clandestinely behind the Iron Curtain, it is far too early to assess its

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impact. An RFE official states: "We are navigating as in a fog, without radar." Not without significance, however, is the fact that it is reported that the Russians in a Leipzig broadcast late in 1950 threatened, after the liberation of Germany, to hang any German who worked for Radio Free Europe.

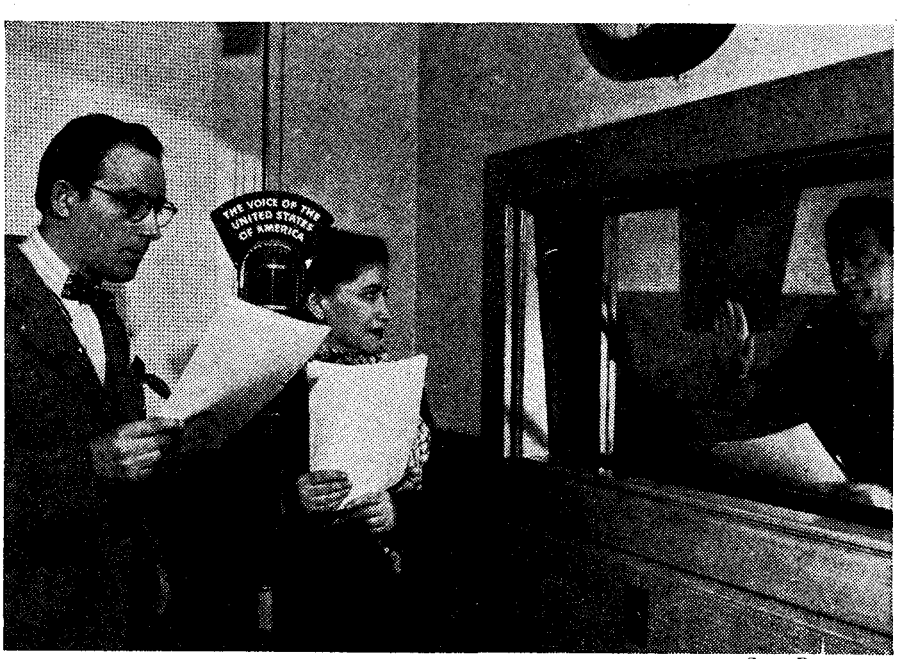
The critical target of the VOA's European communication is the mind of the West European non-Communist. It is this mind that must be steadied in the two crucial years that lie ahead, as General Dwight D. Eisenhower tries to build a defense wall against Communist expansion in an "undefendable" Europe. It is this mind that must be invigorated and given hope in an almost impossible situation.

What is the nature of this mind—a prime target of the Voice of America? Before the fighting in Korea, before the Chinese crossed the Yalu River, a West European public-opinion depth study showed that the major concerns of the people were the threat of war and the high cost of living. The refugees in Germany, in bitter corollary, were also worrying about more primitive items—food, shelter, and clothing. The future had lost more of its ordinary meaning for them than it had for others.

The non-Communist West European is a perfectly reasonable paradox. His nation is no longer a major power. His land will be the chief battleground of World War III. He is tired of wars and rumors of wars, weary of politics and politicians, and afflicted with a Spenglerian sense of the decline of the West. He has no confidence in his being a factor in his own destiny, and even if he could persuade himself that he is, the problems of European unity, so vital in the great East-West struggle, seem insuperable, beset as they are by the ancient Continental rivalries, distrusts, and suspicions.

The West European non-Communist knows that both the USA and the USSR are contending mightily for his soul—the first to animate it, the second to mesmerize it. He senses that he is constantly being cajoled, bullied, threatened, bribed, pricked, and persuaded into serving the ends of the two giants who live on either side of him. He realizes—in some cases articulately, in others intuitively—that his sympathies, insofar as events will permit him to make them manifest, lie with the United States. His stereotype of the American may be "materialistic, vain, spoiled, loud, conceited," but his stereotype of the Russian is "brutal, cunning, imperialistic, crafty." He may be bored with American political abstractions, appalled by Washington's diplomatic "immaturity," and disgusted by Congressional "irresponsibility" and "isolationism," but he has only to turn an open eye on the adjacent Marxist "paradises" in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, and East Berlin to be turned Westward again, terrorized by the Eastern alternative.

The sympathies of the West European non-Communist are in direct conflict with his fears, doubts, and anxieties. If the Russians march they will be at the English Channel in a matter of weeks—so runs his nightmare. If the United Nations forces should be sucked into the quagmire of the Far East he will be left with his European defenses unformed. How follow American urgings and make "postures of defiance" today, if tomorrow the "posturers" will be marked men, labeled for the gallows or the slave-labor camps? And what will America do if the Iron Curtain should become a new Atlantic wall? Will it use its A-bombs and its H-bombs on the cities of Europe? How long the occupation? At what cost the resistance and the liberation?



—*State Department.*

"Radio surmounts distance, censorship, illiteracy, paper shortage, cartels, and tariffs."

THE WAVE of the future is a very real wave to the West European non-Communist. It bears upon him heavily, and he is almost drowned beneath it. Truly, he is a modern Hamlet.

It is to this mind that the Voice of America addresses itself. The VOA seeks to "fortify" friendly European attitudes by its broadcasts and to strengthen "weak links." Above all it is groping—not too successfully yet in the opinion of a high VOA official—for some formula that will shake the West European out of his mental drift and deep despair and give him a sense of "mission."

One interesting suggestion that is being considered in order to achieve this end is to tell the Europeans that it is not, as Winston Churchill believes, the fear of the A-bomb that keeps the Russians from marching on the Continent. It is, rather, Soviet reluctance to occupy and police a hostile Europe, in spite of the fifth-column Communist parties. Western culture is so different from Slav culture, the argument runs, that the prospects of the Russians provoking rebellion and resistance among the occupied peoples are very great. It was one thing for the Nazis to occupy Europe, the argument goes on; they had merely to place their *gauleiters* in key spots, and the life of the average European continued undisturbed. Communist control, however, reaches down to the roots of an occupied nation, and the likelihood of a difficult-to-handle, universal resentment is increased. Therefore the Russians hesitate. The value of this propaganda theme, the argument concludes, would lie in its appeal to the average European's self-confidence. If it is not the A-bomb that deters the Russians, he would reason, but he himself, why, then, he does count for something—he does have power!

Whatever major propaganda themes the Voice adopts its object in practical terms is to keep the Europeans resolutely at the job they have undertaken: of building an international European army to resist further Communist penetration, of overhauling their economies, particularly their tax structures, in order to pay for the rearmament program, and

(*Continued on page* 44)

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The chief problems confronting Americans today—how to end the threat of Communist totalitarianism and at the same time preserve democratic liberties in our own country—are illuminated by the new books reviewed below. To defeat an enemy one must know him. Books explaining the nature of Russian Communism and the forces which created it are Barrington Moore's "Soviet Politics," J. Salwyn Schapiro's "The World in Crisis," and Joseph Bornstein's "The Politics of Murder." To understand what is occurring on the one front where we are actively battling Communism a useful handbook is John Gunther's "The Riddle of MacArthur." Alan Barth's "The Loyalty of Free Men" takes its place beside Walter Gellhorn's "Security, Loyalty, and Science," and Harold D. Lasswell's "National Security and Individual Freedom" [SRL *Dec. 30*] *as a guide to the preservation of liberty at home.*

The Case of the Enigmatic Caesar

THE RIDDLE OF MACARTHUR: Japan, Korea, and the Far East. By John Gunther. New York: Harper & Bros. 240 pp. $2.75.

By Hallett Abend

JOHN GUNTHER'S new book is as timely as tomorrow morning's newspaper and in places seems to have been written as hurriedly as tomorrow's headlines. Besides dealing with MacArthur the man, the general, and the aspiring politician the book also ably handles today's crises in Japan, in Korea, in China, and in all the other countries of fermenting East Asia. Once more this writer clinches his title as one of the most readable of the reporters who have the knack of putting current events into a book form that will be valuable to future historians. But the book is not a penetrating analysis of the riddle of MacArthur, who is one of the makers of history of our times. It states the riddle but offers no answer.

Fortunately this is not a mere hero-worshipping volume. One reason that General MacArthur is still a riddle to most Americans is that much of what has been written about him has approached downright idolatry, while most of the criticisms have been bitter and unfair and unbalanced.

John Gunther finds that courage is the general's dominating characteristic and that ego is next in importance. "Out of this ego, which is measureless," says the author, come such useful characteristics as "confidence, magnetism, and the capacity to inspire utter devotion in his followers. Out of it, too, come some negative traits like his touchiness and sensitiveness to criticism. . . . He will not tolerate anybody near him being too big."

One of the most serious charges brought against MacArthur in this book is that he has repeatedly been guilty of costly wishful thinking and overoptimism. In support of these charges is cited the fact that when he was field marshal of the Philippine Commonwealth the general really believed that he could make the islands safe from Japanese conquest by giving 40,000 barefoot Filipinos six months of military training every year for ten years. MacArthur is also quoted as saying last May, a month before the North Korean attack, that in his opinion it would be foolish to assume that the Russians were planning on starting any kind of shooting war. His declaration that the Chinese Communists would not invade Korea is too recent and too painful to need recapitulation.

The Manila debacle of December 8, 1941, when most of his airplanes were destroyed *on the ground* by the Japanese attack in spite of the fact that MacArthur had known for ten hours about the Pearl Harbor raid, is also listed. And Gunther finds that Tokyo was caught equally off guard and was actually stunned last June 25 when the first news came that the Communists had begun a four-way attack toward the Korean capital.

"They were as blankly astonished as though the sun had suddenly gone out," says John Gunther, and he should know for he was in Tokyo at the time. Being taken thus by surprise, he says, "was more disgraceful than Pearl Harbor. Our eyes were shut, and even our feet had gone to sleep," although South Korean intelligence officers had issued a well documented warning of the impending

THE AUTHOR: If a professor of journalism wished to illustrate the apotheosis of top reporting he would do well to put the finger on John Gunther, who started young in 1922 as a reporter on the *Chicago Daily News* and launched into overseas correspondence in 1924. John Gunther isn't connected with a newspaper now but he is still in the fold of the craft—though books have replaced newsprint he has never lost the reporter's nose, flair for being in strategic places, strict attention to assignment in hand, and the all-important ability to submerge into his subject. When Gardner Cowles of *Look* suggested last spring that a look-see inside General MacArthur would be a good idea the Korean war hadn't begun. The trip was the Gunther family's concept of a pleasant summer jaunt; when the war did break out, Mr. Gunther resisted the urge to be on that spot and stuck to his assignment. When his name is mentioned (and it is well on the way to becoming a household word from Ambrose Light to Tibet) a picture of incredibly prolific production is evoked. Actually there have not been so many books, but the subjects have been globe-girdling in range. A personality like Gunther's simplifies research—ease of approach inspiring confidence, never-failing but not exacerbating curiosity, vitality, and blond good looks. Now one discerns a pattern at work: the Midwestern reporter expands into the correspondent's range; the correspondent becomes a world investigator. But for what really makes things tick—one must look inside people as well as countries. His last book, "Roosevelt in Retrospect," was an indication of the pattern. Though an Inside Washington, D. C. (offshoot of the USA book), is now slated, the biographical urge is definitely on him. An exquisite example of his ability to make a personality clear and lovably understood was "Death Be Not Proud," in memory of his son Johnny. Thousands of letters received testified to the power of that little book. When the captains and the kings John Gunther has interviewed depart—it may be Johnny who will live forever.

—K. S.

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attack six weeks before it occurred.

This book reveals that to meet the Korean crisis of last summer MacArthur had only 60,000 occupation troops in all of Japan. So confident was he that the 83,000,000 Japanese (who had been our bitter enemies only five years before) had been won over to friendship for the United States that he reduced this meager force to the remnants of one division, about 5,000 men. The confidence was fully justified.

It is unfortunate that the author adopts an attitude loftily scornful toward the able men and women who have reported the American occupation of Japan for the American press for more than five years. "Before I had been in Tokyo a week," says Gunther in his foreword, "I became convinced that the MacArthur story is one of the worst-reported stories in history." But even the author's most unfriendly critics, many of whom will be offended by this attitude, will have to admit that this book goes a long way toward making up the alleged deficiencies in the written record.

Long after the current disputes over mistakes made in the Korean campaign will have subsided historians will rate General MacArthur's greatness more upon his record as administrator and molder of the new Japan than upon his successes as a field commander in war. Certainly the attitude of the Japanese people all during the Korean fighting is a great tribute to the leadership and administrative abilities of the Supreme Commander—which is his grandiose official title in the island empire he rules.

In his own estimate of his accomplishments in Japan General MacArthur evidences the wishful thinking and overoptimism so often cited by his critics. He says that his labors have aimed at the "greatest reformation of a people ever attempted" and that he has achieved "the greatest spiritual revolution the world has ever known." In his own flowery prose he declares that Japan has "become a bastion of the democratic concept."

—*Ellis.*

Alan Barth—"fear has led us into panic."

In this connection it is noteworthy, although Mr. Gunther does not mention the fact, that General MacArthur has also linked the South Korean republic, a disarmed Japan, and the bankrupt and maladministered Philippine Government as "a triangular buttress for democracy in Asia." One leg of that triangle has been all but destroyed, and the Philippines today are no buttress for anything.

Gunther's final conclusions, summarized as answers to a catechism, are these: the Japanese people really like and admire the Supreme Commander but do not like his aides; their friendliness toward the United States is genuine because it is based on good sense and self-interest; their militarism has not been permanently eradicated; they regret Pearl Harbor only because it brought them defeat and humiliation; they will not rejoice when the occupation ends unless we first provide them security.

In his summary the author says the Supreme Commander has done a good job in Japan but not as good as he thinks it is. MacArthur believes that Japan has been successfully democratized, but most people disagree with him.

The General realizes that he has accomplished the only real revolution Japan has ever experienced. He "believes with absolute conviction, and on the highest plane, that once a people have tasted freedom they will never permit it to be removed," says the concluding sentence of this timely and easy-to-read outline of current history in the Far East.

Hallett Abend, who long served as a correspondent in the Far East, is the author of "Chaos in Asia," "Japan Unmasked," and other books.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 879)

VERA BRITTAIN:
VALIANT PILGRIM

(A study of John Bunyan and Puritan England)

We cannot reconstruct . . . the particular limitations which obscured John Bunyan's vision and warped his judgment. We are not entitled to apply to his conflict contemporary values painfully evolved by means of new historical experience.

Faith, Fear & Freedom

THE LOYALTY OF FREE MEN. By Alan Barth. New York: Viking Press. 263 pp. $3.

By ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

A FEW weeks ago Harry Gold, a confessed Soviet spy, was sentenced to thirty years in prison. In the course of his trial Gold explained why he had never joined the Communist Party. "I was told by my first Soviet superior to stay away from it, never to read the *Daily Worker,* and never to read liberal literature or express liberal thoughts." Harry Gold had no record in front organizations; he was not seen on picket lines nor was he prominent in the support of Loyalist Spain. And he appears to be no special exception. Thus far of the Soviet agents detected in this country very few were identifiable by their activity in left-wing movements. Julian Wadleigh was not a Party member; he deliberately disguised his views by talking like a conservative. No evidence has been brought forward to show that Judith Coplon was a Party member. Alger Hiss buried his sympathies so deep that many of those knowing him best still cannot accept the jury's verdict against him. All of them would have passed our conventional loyalty tests with flying colors.

This is part of the question to which Alan Barth addresses himself in his eloquent, sobering, and important book, "The Loyalty of Free Men." Mr. Barth is urgently concerned with the problem of maintaining both individual freedom and national security during the present stage of acute national crisis. An editorial writer for *The Washington Post* he has been able to watch the executive and legislative attempts to guarantee national security from a front-row seat. As his editorials have so often demonstrated his approach to this basic problem is thoughtful and serious. He has read widely and pondered deeply the literature of our traditions of civil freedom; he has studied closely the legal and judicial aspects of the problem; and he does not make the mistake of regarding the Communist threat as an absurd phantom such as the witches of ancient Salem. Certainly Mr. Barth deserves special congratulation for writing this book without discoursing upon the Salem hysteria.

Mr. Barth's fundamental contentions are twofold: that the present techniques designed to guarantee national security do not in fact guarantee that security and that if persisted in they will destroy our freedom and thereby destroy our greatest source of

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strength in the grim conflict with Soviet totalitarianism. He has a profound understanding of the role that freedom and diversity have played in releasing our national initiative and energy. Against the whole historical and philosophical thrust of our American way of life he sets in contrast the recent efforts of the self-styled protectors of that way of life, who would crush out freedom in the determination to strait-jacket all Americans with their own rather special brand of Americanism.

In a series of cogent chapters Mr. Barth brings together the disquieting tendencies of the last few years: the triumphant career of the Un-American Activities Committee; the excesses of the government's loyalty program; the spread of wire-tapping; the pathological contagion of McCarthyism; the tightening of the cords around scientific discussion; the ever more successful encroachments upon academic freedom.

The story is not at all new, but it has been seldom told so well or compactly. From the accumulation of evidence he concludes that our traditional tolerance of diversity is now being narrowed in ways dangerous to our national security. "Fear—and a diminution of faith in our own institutions—has led us into a condition of panic threatening self-destruction."

Mr. Barth's central appeal is for a revival of our ancient faith in freedom. On the specific question of the loyalty check he seems to feel that the present system is worse than useless and would favor instead the use in government of the "tested methods of personnel selection in common use throughout private industry." I am not sure what this means; and Mr. Barth himself later calls for "careful, realistic screening of government personnel," which would seem to imply endorsement of an intelligent security program. Certainly even if the abandonment of a loyalty program were administratively wise at this point it would not be politically feasible. I wish therefore that Mr. Barth had devoted more attention to the problem of procedural improvements within the present system. When counterespionage necessities make the confrontation of accuser by accused impossible, why cannot the Loyalty Review Board at least be entrusted with adequate identifying data and in certain cases with the power to interrogate the accuser in secret sessions? Or are not the Review Boards themselves considered sufficiently secure?

Mr. Barth's discussion of the FBI is measured and fair-minded. He concedes the Bureau its many great virtues and achievements; but he points out the real dangers involved in the "widespread feeling fostered to some extent, it must be said, by Mr. Hoover himself, that any criticism of the bureau is a form of lese majesty or an expression of downright disloyalty to the United States." I have not read Max Lowenthal's recent book on the FBI; Mr. Barth himself has described it elsewhere as a partial and biased book, but much of the violent reaction to it seems to spring from the sense that any questioning of the FBI is unpatriotic per se. As Mr. Barth correctly puts it: "It is not healthy in a democracy that any governmental agency—and least of all a police agency—should be considered above criticism. Even captious criticism is preferable to unrelieved adulation."

I would differ with Mr. Barth on certain points of emphasis. It is not just a decay of American traditions nor an unmotivated fear that have in recent years transformed our national attitude toward the right to advocate revolution. Is it not in great part rather the fact that the rise of new, subterranean, and fanatical methods of totalitarian conspiracy have altered the whole problem of revolution? I do not think it was a coincidence that Congress thought it necessary in 1940 to make the advocacy of violent revolution a penal offense. After all, this was the year when Americans were first learning about the rabbit-punch of Fascism, and liberals reacted as sharply as anybody else. It was Max Lerner who wrote then that "it is becoming increasingly clear that the government which waits until propaganda has reached the point of clearly threatening the immediate survival of the nation is likely to wait until it is too late and will probably never have the strength to strike when the time comes."

Many other liberals went far beyond Lerner in using dangerous techniques of guilt-by-association against all conservatives and in demanding repressive measures against the fellow-travelers of Fascism. Some critics of the Un-American Activities Committee (I do not include here either Mr. Barth or Mr. Lerner) were really less concerned over its methods than over the fact they were being used against radicals rather than against reactionaries.

I think too that in his necessarily abbreviated account of the past few years Mr. Barth occasionally leaves out data which might well be considered necessary to make the entire record. It may not affect the principles involved but it does affect the total picture when the Hollywood Ten are discussed as if they were probably a group of honest and misunderstood liberals, or when the Southern Conference for Human Welfare is mentioned in a context which may lead the unwary reader to assume it to have been a pure-as-snow liberal outfit. Nor do I think the case of Harry White to be quite as simple and straightforward as Mr. Barth evidently does; and I think he overdoes the alleged self-identification of the bulk of the New Dealers with Alger Hiss. And I am sure that it is a rhetorical flourish which makes him say that we are threatened "most of all" by the panic and fright at home—more, that is, than by "an aggressive totalitarianism abroad." (Though after reading the recent speeches by Herbert Hoover and Joseph P. Kennedy I begin to wonder whether in some sense Mr. Barth may not be right.)

But these are minor blemishes in a work of the first importance, one which is indispensable reading for all Americans concerned with their freedom. If we are to preserve at home the freedom for which we fight abroad it is essential that the questions raised by Mr. Barth receive full and candid treatment. All future writers in the field will remain in his debt for his clear, searching, and disinterested discussion. And no one can afford to overlook Professor Zachariah Chafee, Jr.'s characteristically wise and pungent foreword.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., associate professor of history at Harvard, is author of "The Vital Center" and "The Age of Jackson." The latter book was the recipient of a Pulitzer Prize in history.

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The Avoirdupois of Totality

SOVIET POLITICS—The Dilemma of Power: The Role of Ideas in Social Change. By Barrington Moore, Jr. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 503 *pp.* $6.

By Bertram D. Wolfe

THE LARGE aims of this book are indicated by the fact that it has a title and two subtitles. The title ("Soviet Politics") promises a description of the present regime. The first subtitle ("The Dilemma of Power") implies an explanation of the widening gap between original program and present structure. The second subtitle ("The Role of Ideas in Social Change") suggests a concern with some problems of theoretical sociology.

The descriptive sections, dealing with the original program of Bolshevism and the present Soviet regime, make up the bulk of the book. Though the author has only the vaguest notions of nineteenth-century Marxism, he provides a valuable summary of Lenin's programmatic aims just prior to his taking power and a good if uneven picture of the present-day Stalinist regime. The picture underestimates, because it is not in the documents, the role of the police; and overestimates, because it is always in the documents, the role of the Party. He writes *authoritarian* where he should be saying *totalitarian*. In his zeal to make the unfamiliar homely and familiar, Mr. Moore is prone to use such absurd terms as "grass roots democracy" to describe the right of local organizations to discuss how best they may carry out orders which come from above. But with allowance for these displacements and blurs in the outlines, his descriptive picture of the Soviet regime must be recognized as one of the best and most detailed now available.

The descriptive body of the book, however, is merely intended to provide empirical material on which to base answers to the theoretical questions that preoccupy the author. These questions may be summarized as follows:

On the eve of its assumption of power Bolshevism stood for freedom and equality, for control from below, for the loosening of the bonds of fixity which characterized Russian life, for the abolition of standing army, police, bureaucracy, personal autocracy, for the gradual, but immediately to be initiated, dismantling (or "withering away") of the apparatus of the coercive state, for an end to imperialism. After seizing power the Bolsheviks first moved towards the realization of this program, then sweepingly away from it. Only one aim, the author finds, was realized: "the transfer of the means of production to society as a whole." (Here the author's failure to grapple with the sociological concept of totalitarianism, or to examine Marxist theoretical controversy, causes him to use the term *society* as if it were synonymous with the term *state*.)

As for the rest of the program, fixity to job and estate has been re-established, the internal passport restored; bureaucracy, army, police, coercive state, personal autocracy, have been strengthened; far from withering away, the state has swollen to totality. Soviet imperialism is more dynamic and aggressive and holds more peoples in its grasp than did the imperialism of the Czars; the aim of equality was expressly rejected by Stalin in 1931; a new inequality and a new privileged class or stratum grows apace.

The reason for the miscarriage of all these aims Mr. Moore finds in the "dilemma of power." The free, i.e., irresponsible, social critic may criticize as he will. But once he comes to power, then he will find that certain irreducible tasks and indispensable institutions thrust themselves upon him. He may either hold to his promises and dreams, and lose power, or . . . do exactly or substantially what Stalin has done. Mr. Moore has only a kind of fleeting, superior, and condescending pity for all of Stalin's opponents, with the exception of Trotsky. They were not realists, they did not really want to industrialize and socialize, they would have lost power, they were bemused by dogmas and dreams. The proposals of the Bukharin group to move a little more slowly and less ruthlessly towards industrialization and socialization the author brushes aside as "perhaps mere verbal agreement with those objectives." He finds a "necessity for an authoritarian solution." "Manchester liberals," he concedes, might have acted differently, but, given Bolshevik ideology, all Bolsheviks had to act substantially as Stalin did — which gives a shaping force to ideology which most of the book's formal generalizations are at pains to deny.

These formal generalizations are the matter closest to the author's heart. They are intended to enrich, clarify, and correct a number of currently fashionable sociological theorems concerning ideology and power and social change. Whether the fault lies with the present state of sociology or with the inadequate framework of ideas borrowed from it by the author in approaching his empirical data, these generalizations and refinements on generalizations are the weakest part of the book. Thus the chapter on kolkhozes tells how the peasants were first given land and considerable freedom, then expropriated and herded by the police into the state-controlled farms. Mr. Moore concludes that this cruel and grandiose process may be generalized, indeed that the whole "history of the Bolshevik regime" may be "expressed in the generalization that it is impossible to achieve mutually incompatible goals." Both sociologist and peasant might be moved to exclaim with Horatio: "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave, to tell us this."

To sum up: Mr. Moore must be credited with having tackled the central sociological problems of our age: the problem of power and the problem of planned social change. But the merits of his work lie chiefly in a new ordering and assembling of the empirical material on which investigation and generalization must be based, rather than in the actual answers he offers to the problems he has raised.

Bertram D. Wolfe is author of "Three Who Made a Revolution" and other works on Russia.

The Comet

By Eric Wilson Barker

AND fire whose ash is all life's ending sings
Through deep and branching forests of the mind,
Through prairies maned and rustling like the sea.
Its flames, fanned upward by a rising wind
From instant fuel of grass and resinous tree,
Ignite the clouds, set fire to falcons' wings,
Find strange combustible natures in the air.
Even in sleep, its streaming comet-hair,
Impelled beyond the dream that gave it birth,
Across the jungle of the star-wild skies,
Tangled with lesser stars, has left its mark
Where owls have heard a rushing through the dark
And lions have seen it with their yellow eyes
Bearing its fruit of burning back to earth.

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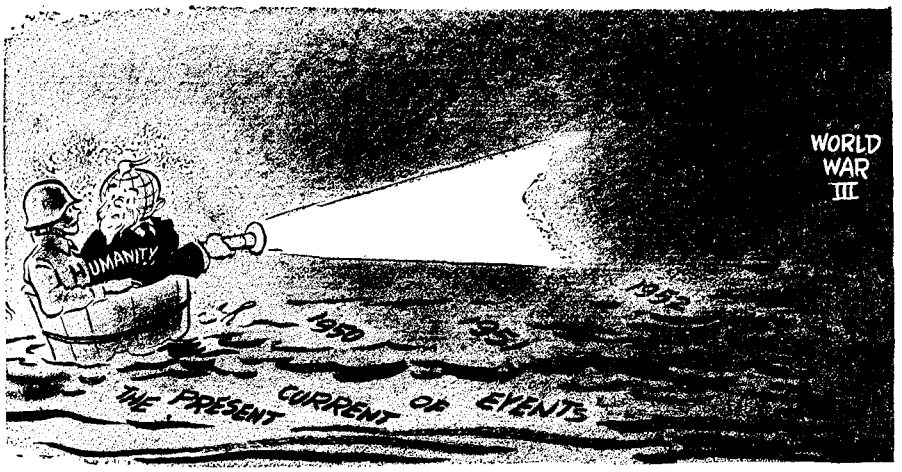

—*Scott Long in the* Minneapolis Tribune.

"Where Does Darkness Begin?"

Pattern for a Maelstrom

THE WORLD IN CRISIS: Political and Social Movements in the Twentieth Century. By J. Salwyn Schapiro. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 429 pp. $5.

By GEOFFREY BRUUN

THE THOUSANDS of students scattered through the forty-eight states who have been quickened by J. Salwyn Schapiro's lectures or gained fresh insights into European history from his writings will recognize the master's touch in this new volume. Like his "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism," which analyzed social forces in England and France during the nineteenth century, "World in Crisis" is a study in interpretation rather than a text. Readers in and out of college who find the contemporary world a maelstrom of cross currents without a pattern will find a pattern here. Over thirty years ago in his "Modern and Contemporary European History" the author stated his faith in democracy and traced its meaning and its triumphs. Today "at the meridian of the twentieth century" he reappraises those gains against more losses and reaffirms his unshaken faith. This is a heartening book to read in a confused and critical hour. It reminds us how much we have at stake, how clear-cut the issues are despite all blurring of the outlines, how strongly our democratic foundations stand despite the global convulsions of the last few decades.

Every historian who discusses the contemporary world is aware of an inward dilemma. He can write for his immediate public or for "impartial posterity." In this volume Professor Schapiro addresses the intelligent, liberal-minded American of today, explaining the trends of the last fifty to one hundred years and evaluating the balance of world forces as they now stand. His chapter titles identify these trends as he sees them — Transition from a Liberal to a Planned Economy, Progress of Political Democracy, Progress of Social Democracy, Nationalism, Colonial Imperialism—Its Decline and Fall, and so on. All the good or evil forces that have shaped the world we know are described, classified, and set in opposition, confidently and clearly.

Too clearly perhaps. For a single sharp perspective implies a fixed point of observation — New York, 1951, let us say. The few faults this emphatic book betrays are faults induced by an undue deference for current values and opinions. Posterity may not agree, for example, that the accused at Nuremberg and Tokyo were "given every opportunity to present their side." The statement that "Germany vanished from the scene of her greatness" after World War II may seem premature in another decade; the French, who hold a closer seat, do not believe it now. Dependable statistics, when they become available, may dispute the statement that "Soviet Russia abolished illiteracy." But it is difficult to isolate and clarify great movements and great issues without slipping at times into an oversimplification of the facts. "The World in Crisis" is a firm, forthright judgment on recent historical trends, formulated in terms that American readers will understand and endorse.

Geoffrey Bruun is the author of "Europe in Evolution" and "Saint-Just: Apostle of the Terror."

Terror Is a Weapon

THE POLITICS OF MURDER. By Joseph Bornstein. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 295 pp. $4.

By QUINCY HOWE

IF WAR is the continuation of policy by other means, so is terror. From Julius Caesar's time to Abraham Lincoln's, tyrants and reformers, bad men and good have fallen victims to political assassins, but not until the present century did murder, the ultimate form of terror, become an accepted weapon of government wielded by the chiefs of major states. The first chapter in "The Politics of Murder" surveys the modern field. The other eight chapters deal with celebrated political killings of the past thirty years: Matteotti, Roehm, Dollfuss, Trotzky, Barthou, and King Alexander of Yugoslavia among others. Gandhi receives no mention. Stalin is virtually accused of having murdered Lenin.

Joseph Bornstein has every qualification for the assignment he has undertaken. From the early 1920's until Hitler came to power he helped to edit *Das Tage Buch* in Berlin. He then edited the *Pariser Tageszeitung* in Paris, served with the British during the first part of World War II, and worked with the OWI during the latter part. More recently he has had access to new documentary material connected with the events and people he covers in this book. As a fearless, able, and independent journalist of the non-Communist left Mr. Bornstein brings to his task wide knowledge of modern Europe and a point of view that gives that knowledge meaning. But time passes so swiftly in this accelerated century of ours that his accounts of what happened to Matteotti, Roehm, and Dollfuss read almost like ancient history. He rightly stresses the importance of the double murder of King Alexander and Barthou in Marseilles, but unfortunately he does not mention either favorably or unfavorably a whole book on that single crime, written more than ten years ago by the late Stephen Graham, who knew the Balkans intimately. Mr. Bornstein dwells on Hitler's responsibility. Mr. Graham dwelt on Mussolini's.

Current interest in Russia makes the closing chapters on Ignace Reiss of the GPU, Trotzky, and Lenin especially timely. The Reiss and Trotzky chapters show how the Soviet secret police operates. The final chapter strongly implies that Lenin did not die a natural death but that he survived two strokes plus a serious bullet wound only to succumb to the ministrations of a Stalinist doctor. Mr. Bornstein brings out some striking

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medical and political evidence in support of this theory, to which Trotzky also became converted near the end of his life, and leaves the reader to form his own opinion. But Stalin in murdering so many of his political opponents did not make common cause with Carlyle and subscribe to the Great Man theory of history. He simply used all forms of terror including murder against all his enemies, great and small. Nor did Stalin originate this practice: the Czars used it before him; Mussolini and Hitler borrowed his techniques as he borrowed theirs.

It is a paradox of our time that never has the world witnessed so much brutality and suffering as during the past fifty years when more people enjoyed more creature comforts than ever before. The political fanatic who denies any world and any life beyond the here and now does not scruple to snuff out that one life which those who believe in another world and another life hold sacred.

Quincy Howe, associate professor of journalism at the University of Illinois, is author of "World History of Our Times," "The News and How to Understand It," and other books.

U.S.A. & World Notes

RED MASQUERADE: Undercover for the FBI. By Angela Calomiris. Lippincott. $3. Angela Calomiris was one of the Government witnesses against the Communist Party leaders who last year were found guilty of conspiring to teach the overthrow of the U. S. Government by force and violence. In this book she tells how she entered the Communist Party seven years ago at the request of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, how she worked as a lowly Party functionary, and how she was finally put on the witness stand in the big courthouse on New York City's Foley Square.

It is a straight first-person account, without literary flourishes, without ideological analyses, and without self-dramatization. There was enough melodrama in Miss Calomiris's life; it only required factual narration. That is exactly what the author has done in this book. She emerges from it as a human being who devoted crucial years of her life to a task that was both strenuous and hazardous.

On the day Miss Calomiris took the stand against the eleven Communist leaders, April 26, 1949, she was still financial secretary of the West Midtown Branch of the Communist Party in New York City. On that day her undercover period ended. It had begun one morning in February 1942 when two FBI agents came to offer her the opportunity of becoming a Government "plant" in the Communist Party. Between the two dates lay many events, some dramatic but many

more just part of the boring day-to-day work of a Communist Party hack.

It took plenty of guts, particularly in the end, to do the kind of work Angela Calomiris had to do: be a trusted Party worker and at the same time turn data on personalities and policies over to the Federal agents. She has supplied in this book an inside picture of Communist workings that is only too rare.

—MARTIN EBON.

POWER AND POLITICS: The Price of Security in the Atomic Age. By Hanson W. Baldwin. The Associated Colleges of Claremont, California. $2.75. Mr. Baldwin, military editor of *The New York Times,* here tackles the problem of preparedness against Russian aggression. Unlike most practising armchair strategists, who tend to be brash, oracular chaps given to quoting defunct authorities with Germanic names, Mr. Baldwin is a cautious, clear-spoken writer who apparently keeps Clausewitz and Frederick the Great locked safely in a bottom desk drawer. For this reason he makes good reading — even if he shows a strong tendency to look at the darker side of things. For instance, he credits the Soviets with greater military and political strength than most commentators will allow them and seems prone to minimize ours. Yet as strategy goes it's probably sounder thinking about defense matters to overestimate the opposition than to go in for the kind of confident guessing that Hitler did in his "six weeks' war" of 1941.

In this short book Mr. Baldwin supplies nothing novel, but his summarizations of comparative military strength and the state of weapon development are first-rate. He sees no end to the cold war and therefore advises us to get used to living with it. In search of a national policy he quickly throws out isolationism, world government, preventive war, and anything that smacks of atomic diplomacy. He fastens on what we are doing now, except that he wants bigger quantities of each. Foreign economic aid; the North Atlantic Pact; military aid to Europe and closer liaison between the Western armed forces; a stepped-up preparedness program here with our interservice military policy directed toward combat efficiency; and "a political, moral, and psychological program to sell the U.S. case to the world"—these he advocates as a design for the unsteady peace. (He does *not* think war inevitable.) In perhaps his only flight into unreality he thinks this will add only a billion or so to the Federal budget.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

THE H-BOMB. By Stewart Alsop, Robert Bacher, and others. Didier Publishers. New York. $2.50. Will the H-bomb bring peace or will it lead to a shooting war? Will it make us secure against attack? Will it be of greater military value to Russia than to us? Must our present civilization crash with our buildings or can it and ourselves be saved from complete dissolution?

Experts, from Einstein to Walter Lippmann, propose answers to these questions and ask others. They offer solutions to the political, the military, and the moral problems involved in the Damoclean threat of the H-bomb. The suggestions are as diverse as the questions. Outlaw the H-bomb. Form a world government which includes Russia. Promise Russia to use the H-bomb only in retaliation and hope that Russia won't use it first. Make the Voice of America boom with new power over the world. Support a peace campaign with some of the money we spend for armament. Get seriously to making H-bombs before the Russians make them.

The scientists, Congressmen, and writers who contribute to "The H-Bomb" do not agree on the solution of the problems inherent in the presence of the bomb. They do agree on its cataclysmic power. It is a thousand times more devastating than the A-bomb. One bomb will completely destroy everything within a circle that is ten miles in diameter, i.e., any city in the world. In addition to the greatly magnified effects of the A-bomb — blast, heat, and nuclear radiation — the casing of the H-bomb can be turned into a radioactive dust, which is widely disseminated, persistent, and deadly.

The book introduces each area of discussion with a commentary by George Fielding Eliot. Here things get a little out of order — literally, that is. For to be meaningful Major Fielding's observations should come after rather than before the analyses upon which he comments.

"I cannot help but feel," says the

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Major, "that long before either we or the Russians have produced an H-bomb at all we shall be compelled by the very prospect of the existence of such things to seek a determination of our problem by other and more readily assessable means." Let us hope that the Major refers to a solution by *peaceful* means.

—DONALD B. THORBURN.

THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER: A Diplomatic History, 1900-1950. By Samuel Flagg Bemis. Henry Holt. $5. Professor Bemis, who holds a brace of Pulitzer Prizes and a reputation as one of our top-drawer diplomatic historians, here does a timely reprise on material from several of his previous books, notably his "Diplomatic History of the United States." Readers of that subclassic text need not attend this performance. But all others who think our foreign relations are of some significance — and who these days does not? — can read this book with considerable profit.

Profiting from this author doesn't necessarily mean agreeing with him. He tends to view the world with skeptical, gimlet eyes, and his tale of this country's diplomacy is told with sardonic asides and a lack of enthusiasm for our professions of higher purposes. Thus at his book's beginning he is dubious about the Open Door policy in the Far East and remains so about Far Eastern policy ever since. Considering our small economic stake there he remarks doubtfully on the wisdom of our "conspicuous but unprofitable and foolhardy venture into the world politics of Asia, so alien to American continental traditions and interests, so dangerous to the welfare of the United States."

There is small comfort in this to any major faction now bedeviling our political life with arguments on what should be a proper Far Eastern policy. Nor is Professor Bemis himself sure that policy mistakes could have been avoided — or how. (That is outside the scope of his historical scholarship.) But looking glumly at Korea he says of 1950: "The best that men could hope for seemed a long armed peace."

But the book does not confine itself to our relations with Asia by any means. Dr. Bemis fits in all the other pieces: Latin America and our high-handed works in Panama to our high-minded actions as good neighbors; Africa where we have sometimes poised but never dived; commercial relations and their gobs of red and black ink; and Canada, "the coupling pin of Anglo-American Relations." It is a scholarly, fact-packed, wide sweeping, moderately embittered book.

—P.R.L.

Fiction. *There was a time when melodramatic novels could be counted on to provide pure and unadulterated entertainment. Today, thanks to writers of the Graham Greene school and the fact that the history of our times has made the fantastic seem commonplace, all that is changed. Two new novels which illuminate the contemporary world even though their plots smack of melodrama are Gustave Breuer's story of an Austrian refugee, "The Spell," and Jocelyn Brooke's portrait of a man in dread of the Army, "The Image of a Drawn Sword." . . . Always fascinating to watch is the progress of a talented writer from his first experimental sketches to full-length novel. One of England's most distinguished living novelists, Elizabeth Bowen, has bravely republished her "Early Stories," while Jessamyn West, an American noted for her sensitive short stories, has just published her first novel, "The Witch Diggers"* *(see page 17).*

Back to Miss Bowen's Twenties

EARLY STORIES. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 364 *pp.* $3.

By WILLIAM PEDEN

THIS collection reprints in full "Encounters" and "Ann Lee's," Elizabeth Bowen's earliest volumes of short fiction. The former appeared in 1923 and was written when Miss Bowen was in her early twenties; the latter was published three years later.

Among the most remarkable of these earlier stories is "Coming Home." Like most of Miss Bowen's best work the story grows out of a comparatively simple situation involving comparatively complex individuals, in this case a young girl's relationship with her mother. The story evinces the qualities which were to make Miss Bowen's mature work among the most distinguished this generation has produced—a carefully disciplined but flexible prose style, an impatience with the banal and the commonplace, an ability to probe beneath the facade of human relationships.

Comparatively few of the "Encounters" stories are as compassionate or as understanding as "Coming Home." Indeed the major weakness of the collection is a youthfully-condescending attitude toward human failure and frailty, particularly among the middle-aged. Miss Bowen tends to depict types who fail to arouse either the reader's sympathy or hostility.

This failure to create growing developing characters is particularly apparent in pieces such as "Sunday Evening" or "The Return." As Miss Bowen, her own most perceptive critic, points out she was not at this time completely aware of the difference between a sketch and a story; several of her efforts amount to little more than reportage. It is superb reportage, to be sure. But a sketch or an elaborated incident, as Miss Bowen has reminded us, is at best a sort of preliminary exercise, the warming-up of the athlete necessary for, but not to be confused with, participation.

The "Ann Lee's" stories are longer, more complex, and more ambitious. The basic situation out of which the stories grow is less obvious and reminds one more strongly of the Jamesian "predicament"; out of it the story develops with an inevitability frequently lacking earlier and out of it too grows the turning point, almost invariably psychological rather than physical although motivated as much by external circumstances as by inner impulsions and tensions. The characters are more completely perceived and depicted; they exist both as human beings and symbols. Setting exists as a motivating force rather than merely serving as a decorative backdrop.

Typical is the title story in which a pair of matrons in Ann Lee's secluded hat shop are interrupted by the sudden entrance of a man, uncouth, arrogant, yet curiously servile. Later on a half-deserted street this man rushes by them like an apparition, virtually overcome by sheer terror; passing them blindly he "stabs

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his way on into the fog." We do not know what has caused this blind flight; we see and feel it only and are left to draw our own conclusions. Miss Bowen is preoccupied, as she states so aptly, with human "unknowableness"; her use of what in less skilled hands would be a trick ending becomes rather the admission of the author's own predicament.

Miss Bowen's individuals, be they a sublimated governess climbing a roof to rescue a flyaway parrot or an unloved tennis player clumsily forcing his attention on a flirtatious countess, are essentially isolated. In the crowded street they reach out in vain for the touch of a passerby's hand, in the drawing room they speak but no one hears them. There is little real love or understanding to redeem the life of the curiously complex and bewilderingly simple organism which is man. But Miss Bowen depicts this bleak and lonely voyager through society with restraint and a half-detached, half-sympathetic Meredithian humor which seldom becomes malice. Only rarely, as in "Making Arrangements," does she overwrite and overstate. When the amiable cuckold sensuously fondles and then rips to pieces his wife's most seductive gown we are moved; when he reduces her entire wardrobe ("her body, her innumerable lovely bodies") to a mass of rubbish and then calmly orders his butler to have the carpet swept we are forced to cry, "Hold, enough!"

The Exile Goes Lonely Home

THE SPELL. By Gustave Breuer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 246 pp. $2.50.

By Martha Albrand

EXILE is never easy. For many it is unbearable. Few are those whose strength has not already been broken on the long, bitter road to freedom and safety. Fewer those who do not feel their terrible tiredness when upon reaching the land of freedom they can finally forget the fear that drove them on. Those who can ever be completely happy in an alien country are the exceptions, for the flight itself though perhaps the most frightening part of exile carries enough mental and physical anguish to overshadow all desire save that of survival. But it is the second part of this experience, from which there is no escape, that is the most difficult and asks the things difficult for anyone among new surroundings—readjustment, understanding, patience—but asks from the refugee even more, that he forget his past in order not to compare it with his present and learn to think not just to speak another language.

Old Leontine von Wertheimstein was neither broken in spirit nor tired when she arrived in America. Too wise not to know that she would never acclimatize herself and somehow helped by the deep instinctive knowledge of her Jewish inheritance of many flights, she accepted her fate and simply carried with her to America her old world, her old friends, frail furniture, and musical evenings.

Leni, the young Aryan who had married Leontine's son, had nothing to carry along but the love for her husband, Erich, and when Erich died fighting with the Americans there was nothing left but their little son. But how could she raise Toni in a world peopled by the ghosts Leontine had imported and in a country into which she could not transplant her Austrian village? Failing to find an equivalent, with a peasant's longing for his soil, she finally left for "Home," in the naïve belief that Austrians were different from the Germans and that whatever Nazi element had triumphed in her native country had been exterminated by the war. And at first the mere feeling of being home, of walking once more through the landscape of her childhood, of knowing herself accepted and understood without having to explain, was like a drug, one which shut out all reality. When shortly after her return she fell in love with a handsome skiing instructor, Konrad, Leni was happy, not realizing that in the great struggle between liberty and slavery every individual has a duty.

Konrad felt his duty lay clearly in one goal: to recreate National Socialism under a new "Fuehrer." And Leni, trapped by love yet feeling more deeply than she had known until then how much America meant to her spiritually, fought her lonely and terrible battle.

This is a theme worth writing about, and Mr. Breuer's knowledge of Austria and its people lends it the authenticity which makes one consider once more the great issues at stake. Can we trust the Germans enough to rearm them when small or large groups hope only that America and Russia will destroy each other, demanding the A-bomb be outlawed so that in the interim the Nazis can regain their power? Because of the theme's inherent worth one wishes that the characters were more vitally alive and the whole theme treated less superficially. Yet for those who prefer a fast moving, well-plotted, and suspenseful story "The Spell" will be satisfying.

Martha Albrand is author of "No Surrender," "Wait for the Dawn," and other novels.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FAMOUS DOGS

The ten dogs briefly described below have left indelible pawprints on the pages of literature. How many of them do you remember? Answers on page 29.

1. This bull pup had a perfect fighting record until he was matched against a dog whose hind legs had been cut off by a circular saw.
2. Once from a standing start this dog pulled a 1000-pound sled.
3. He chewed up the cook book, walked on the dining table, barked at company, and lived in a dog house that was shaped like a pagoda.
4. When his master returned home after a long absence this old dog was the first to recognize him and died in the effort to reach him.
5. The first time they caught him alone all the other dogs in the Scotch sheepherding community ganged up on this tailless tyke and killed him in a fight that left seven dead.
6. This dog was just a ghost of his former self, and it took a long time for him to learn how to materialize completely.
7. He was a small, cottony dog, of majestic self-importance, and he smelled of violets.
8. This mustard-colored terrier owned by a Brooklyn bookshop proprietor and named after a famed story teller was killed by a bomb intended for President Wilson.
9. Nurse to three children, this clever Newfoundland knew how to turn on the hot water when it was time for their baths.
10. Never much to begin with this mongrel's appearance was not enhanced when the sadistic milkman who owned him chopped off his ears and tail.

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Murder in Limbo

THE IMAGE OF A DRAWN SWORD. By Jocelyn Brooke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 242 pp. $2.75.

By JOHN BROOKS

THE BRITISH writer Jocelyn Brooke is certainly not the only veteran of the recent war who views apprehensively the prospect of being recalled into military service, but so far as this reviewer knows he is the first to have written a book about the nightmare. He has made out of it a thriller which is also on the whole a lucid and provocative comment on the current situation of man.

His hero, a mild young man named Reynard Langrish, is working in a bank and living in a small English town with his deaf mother. On a stormy evening he is visited by a mysterious Captain Archer. The captain is conducting a recruiting and training program for a shadowy army, with headquarters in an ancient ruined camp nearby, preparing for battle against an enemy identified only—in the ominous understatement that characterizes all the dialogue in the story—as the "other lot."

Right from this equivocal start the author draws the reader deeper and deeper into a limbo between reality and fantasy: events have the cold detail of reality yet the irrational emotional overtones of nightmare. At first Reynard's actions against his own interest and convictions—in voluntarily joining Captain Archer's training program, for example—seem improbable, for the wild, inner logic of dreams is missing. But as the story proceeds and Mr. Brooke piles his strange, half-real details one upon another the effect snowballs, and the reader's disbelief vanishes along with Reynard's willpower. Step by step Reynard is carried along until he is an enlisted member of the mysterious army, then an offender against its regulations, finally a murderer. And what an army it is! "If you're a conchy," a junior officer explains to Reynard, "you come under the Class-A Defaulter Clause, which means you're liable to a hundred strokes of the cat, or in extreme cases to what this damfool government calls euthanasia."

All this is set against a bare, haunting landscape marked by odd, exotic flowers, Roman ruins, abandoned pubs, and general desolation. Above all it is a womanless landscape—never does any woman cross it save Reynard's infirm and passive old mother; and she is only a shadow who never speaks, who finally becomes nothing more than a symbol of decay. The male characters almost without exception do not speak or think about women, love, or sex. At length the effect becomes oppressive; the half-real world begins to appear not only desolate but definitely sinister. But the integrity of the mood remains; the absence of women contributes to the barrenness and desolation which is the book's dominant key.

In the role of Kafka with a British accent Mr. Brooke has written a gripping and thoroughly unpleasant little book. What it lacks is the surging power, transmitted by infection from the writer to the reader, that marks greater books on equally depressing or frightening themes. There is a certain bland weariness about the writing, skilful as it is. Nevertheless "The Image of a Drawn Sword" has a good deal to say about the sense of personal helplessness so much a part of the total sensation of Western men just now.

—*W. Fisk-Moore.*

Jocelyn Brooke—"in the role of Kafka with a British accent."

Jessamyn West—". . . needs a little Faulknerian dissonance."

Indiana Tragedy

THE WITCH DIGGERS. By Jessamyn West. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 441 pp. $3.50.

By WILLIAM E. WILSON

JESSAMYN WEST's first novel will not endear her to the people of Indiana, the scene of her story and her native state. Since the time when Miss West lived there the home of James Whitcomb Riley's rhymes of childhood has grown middle-aged, which is not altogether the same as growing up; it is self-conscious, if not self-righteous, and gravely concerned over what the neighbors will think. What the neighbors will think about Indiana after reading "The Witch Diggers" will not be pleasant.

The scene of the novel is the Poor Farm of an unproductive county near Madison. The principal characters—Link Conboy, superintendent of the farm, Lib, his wife, and their two daughters, Cate and Em—are an ingrown, self-tortured family whose tragedies arise from the aforementioned Hoosier anxiety. The background and chorus for their drama are supplied by the paupers in their care, among whom are a schizophrene whose salvation is wrought by his paternal love for a pig, a former jockey engaged in a losing battle with alcoholism, an aged nymphomaniac, several assorted simpletons, and a brother and sister who dig holes all over the farm's 300 acres in search of mankind's lost happiness.

Christian Fraser, a young insurance salesman from Indianapolis, first encounters Cate Conboy at a "sociable" in the home of his cousin during the Christmas holidays of 1899. He is charmed at once by the numerous morbid complexes that give her an air of elusiveness, and in a short while he is visiting the farm and giving her a locket that symbolizes betrothal. After Christian's return to Indianapolis, however, Cate has misgivings about her own virtue and becomes convinced that she has "bad blood."

Indeed, enough happens in the next few weeks to unbalance a more normal girl than Cate: her sister in an excess of misguided altruism exposes herself before one of the inmates whose passion is window-peeping; her brother castrates the former lover of his bride; and her father is proved to be unfaithful to her mother. These events combined with her discovery that she likes Christian's kisses persuade her to break her engagement to him and to marry a mamma's boy from a neighboring farm. Thereafter,

(*Continued on page 42*)

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The Duty of the Writer

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S brief address in Stockholm when the Nobel Prize was presented to him should be read by everyone who is contemplating a career either as a teacher of literature or as a writer. The complete text can be found in Bennett Cerf's column in this issue. Faulkner speaks of the development of his life work through agony and sweat and of the young writers of the future who will dedicate themselves "to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before." His appeal to the creative writer not to forget "the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself" has been stated in the pages of this magazine though with less eloquence over the last decade—when we became aware that so many novelists were depending on plot and manufactured themes rather than on character.

It has resulted in innumerable books about the war, about racial and international conflicts, religion, advertising, journalism, eroticism, psychoanalytic case histories, marriage and other social institutions, and more generally the meanness and hatred of human beings toward each other. With certain exceptions such as Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country" it has been a literature pervaded with fear and despair, negative rather than positive, inspired by defeatism rather than by any courageous acceptance of whatever ills the future may bring.

There is plenty of violence and evil in Faulkner's books, but there are also compassion and the enobling qualities of patient endurance and self-sacrifice that come from the heart and the spirit and not the mind. Perhaps these qualities cannot be distilled by the majority of our young writers who restlessly move from one continent to another, from Hollywood to New York, from the country to the city, and back to the country again. It may never have occurred to Faulkner that his own career is a testimonial to the necessity for the writer to stay in one place or in one section of a country, if not for a lifetime, then at least long enough to know the quality, the habits, and the mind of the men and women from whom he intends to draw his characters. The words they speak, the emotions under whose compulsion they act, the dilemmas in which they become involved must be as native to a place as its trees and flowers.

There are exceptions of course. On the battlefield there is a universality in human conduct, and it may be possible to create people who are themselves always in motion and still give the appearance of reality. There are brief and climactic episodes from which living dramas can be drawn—a flood, fire, or a lynching, for which the skilled writer can depend on his intuition and his knowledge of human nature. But on the whole books of this nature are inclined to be superficial and ephemeral, lacking in what Faulkner calls the old verities and truths of the heart.

The dominant note in the Stockholm speech is the prevading fear of another war, of the atomic bomb, of the end of man or man's civilization, which has resulted in the elements of hysteria, hopelessness, and bitterness in the modern novel. To accept these symbols of spiritual nihilism is to destroy everything that man has lived for and his hopes for immortality, whether of the soul or the continuance of human life. Without hope life becomes arid, not worth living, compassion an empty gesture, and courage mere stupidity. It is the privilege and the duty of the writer, Faulkner says, to decline to accept the end of man and to remind others that he has a soul and that courage and honor, pity and sacrifice have been inherent in his nature for as long as there have been written records of his struggle to survive and to create societies in which he can live in peace.

—H. S.

The Bollingen Award

THE 1950 Bollingen Prize in Poetry of the Yale University Library has just been awarded by the committee, under the chairmanship of Conrad Aiken, to John Crowe Ransom. The choice of Mr. Ransom, whose every poem has the quality of enduring greatness, should undermine even the heaviest pessimism about the condition of poetry in America. No matter what may be the general level of mass radio, television, and press in the United States, the existence of a healthy and high stratum of literary appreciation is proven by this latest award, as by the one that preceded it last year. That Wallace Stevens and now John Crowe Ransom have received this honor makes it an honor indeed, for such prizes receive their worth from the recipients, and the honor redounds upon the donors and the committees of selection.

Those who despair over the seemingly hopeless condition of the arts and intellect in our time and place will do well to notice the apparent miracle of these Bollingen awards. These acts of selection, which dazzle us with their critical acumen, cannot be supernatural, since they are performed by writers and critics known to us and themselves accorded places of distinction in our society, even if not places of extreme popular favor. In this case the members of the committee were besides Chairman Aiken, who is Fellow of Poetry for the Library of Congress, Robert Penn Warren, W. H. Auden, Leonie Adams, and Karl Shapiro.

Our respect for the committee must be intensified by the fact that Mr. Ransom was awarded the prize not for a current single book but for the whole of his achievement and, further, not because of his distinction as a critic but solely for his pre-eminence as a poet. This sets a precedent that we hope may be followed in the future, for while a current book of poems may be the best published during its year it yet may not be the best contemporary poetry by the best living poet.

—OSCAR WILLIAMS.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"America and the Mind of Europe"

SIR: What a whale of a good issue is "America and the Mind of Europe" [*SRL* Jan. 13]. Industry and taste were required to assemble material so obviously produced by the most searching minds in Europe. Congratulations and many thanks.

LEONARD AMSTER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: In a memorable issue Lewis Galantière's introduction to "America and the Mind of Europe" provided one of the most penetrating and lucid analyses of the present crisis that I have yet found. The great issue which confronts the non-Communist world is not alone, as Hoover maintains, whether Europe has the moral stamina to resist aggression; it is also whether we will discourage such resistance by our own moral surrender to a policy of "postponement." To betray our democratic allies on the grounds that they may betray us first may seem to the Tafts, the Hoovers, and the Kennedys to be a matter of hard-headed self-interest, but whether it be called "appeasement" or "realism" it is a policy which could end only in disaster for the free world.

The time has come for all of us to make a genuine effort, without malice toward those whose minds have not yielded to the evidence that has convinced us, to think carefully and earnestly upon the vital issues that confront the free world. To that end your January 13 issue has made an invaluable contribution.

WILLIAM J. DALEY.

Alexandria, Va.

SIR: This constant taking stock of what Europeans think of us will have the result of turning many thoughtful people in the direction of isolationism. Americans who stand somewhere between the ideas of McCarthy at one extreme and the trigger-happy interventionists are growing weary of having the problem put before them, "What does France think of us?," etc., etc. There are millions of people in the U.S., all very willing to do their share in saving the world, who do not give a continental as to what France thinks of our leadership. The French friend mentioned by Norman Cousins in his editorial says among other things: "The rest of the world is going to judge of your capacity to lead the fight against totalitarianism not so much by what you say as by what you do." I for one refuse to admit that we are on trial before France or any other of the nations of the world. It will be our leadership or none at all. This is not a threat but a sad fact.

Whether we deserve it or not we happen to have the potential—military, economic, and perhaps moral—to lead the fight against Communism. There has to be much soul searching here at home, but neither the French nor the English are in a position to be the professors setting the questions for the examination. It seems to be a widespread conviction among people far removed from the McCarthy stamp that the Atlantic Pact nations in Europe will bestir themselves when they feel their hide smoking. And then certainly there won't be any need for them to wonder whether democracy is really functioning as a vital force in America.

RANDOLPH BRACKEN.

Saratoga, Calif.

"We're spending a nice, quiet evening at home. The sitter took Junior to the movies."

SIR: Congratulations on "America and the Mind of Europe." Nothing has been written to give American readers a better concept of what Europeans are thinking today. It is very frustrating to realize that the people who should read the articles dealing with political thought in Europe will probably not do so. If only we could reach Taft, Capehart, *et al* with Raymond Aron's fine article, "Does Europe Welcome American Leadership?"

MRS. ROBERT CUMMEROW.

Schenectady, N. Y.

SIR: In reading your excellent issue "America and the Mind of Europe" we were particularly interested in Melvin J. Lasky's article, "Transatlantic Letters," especially in what he had to say about Austria. As long-time admirers of Mr. Lasky's work—on the *Monat* as well as in connection with the Congress for Cultural Freedom—we must confess to a slight disappointment. There is, we believe, a certain sloppiness in Mr. Lasky's information about and appreciation of Austria. If Mr. Lasky complains about Vienna's "provincialism" and its having become "the backdrop for Carol Reed and zither music," he is, of course, fully entitled to this personal opinion, although it sounds like a well-worn zither cliché itself. The fact that some representatives of Austrian literature, rather deliberately nominated by Mr. Lasky, are no longer living is not due to any provincialism but to the natural course of time. Nor does it diminish the continued literary creativeness of some Austrian authors such as Hermann Broch, who ranks among the foremost novelists of our time and was considered for last year's Nobel Prize; or Alexander Lernet-Holenia, whose "Germanien" was an example of precisely that critical "revaluation" which Mr. Lasky claims to be non-existent; or Friedrich Torberg, whose recently published novel, "Die Zweite Begegnung," lived up exactly to that "challenge of Communist totalitarianism" which according to Mr. Lasky is not being faced. It is worth noting that Eugen Kogon, author of "Der SS Staat" and publisher of the leading German monthly *Frankfurter Hefte*, who comes in for some well-deserved praise by Mr. Lasky, is Austrian by birth, background, and political upbringing.

We hope that the foregoing examples—to name only a few—will induce Mr. Lasky to revise his harsh judgment about Austria's contribution to the present-day "Mind of Europe."

MARTIN FUCHS,
Austrian Consulate General.

New York, N. Y.

A Seventeenth-Century Velikovsky

SIR: In 1696 appeared with the approval of Newton a book by his successor as Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge, William Whiston's "New Theory of the Earth." It attempted to harmonize the Biblical account of the creation and of the great flood with the new mathematics and astronomy. It showed that the earth had at first no daily revolutions, so that a day was as long as a year;

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it attributed the origin of the earth as well as of the flood to the action of a comet, etc. It even showed that the stories of a great flood in various parts of the world, China as well as America, could be brought into some sort of harmony. Contemporaries discussed it at length; a German named Cluver published the same theory under his own name shortly after the appearance of the first edition. Later the book became forgotten. It is surprising to see that Mr. Velikovsky's "Worlds in Collision" should again warm up Whiston's theory and find, a quarter of a thousand years later, still a large and obviously interested audience.

HEINRICH MEYER.

Emmaus, Pa.

"How to Live in Two Worlds"

SIR: The most thought-provoking article I have read in a long time is Edmund W. Sinnott's "How to Live in Two Worlds" [*SRL* Dec. 23]. Preachers would do well to heed these words of wisdom. They might find the reason for the indifference of church attendance.

LLOYD V. DECKER.

Goddard, Kan.

SIR: Edmund W. Sinnott's moving article illustrates poignantly the everlasting hopelessness of any real union between scientific materialism and dogmatic religion—Jewish, Catholic, Protestant. The gulf separating them is unbridgeable. The materialist will never surrender his right to belief in the efficacy of universal law. The only God he reveres is the God of Spinoza; that is, nature or universal substance. On the contrary, the theistic dogmatist is just as uncompromisingly tenacious of belief in a supernatural-spiritual realm that posits an infinite, all-wise, and all-powerful God, self-created or self-creative. There can never be unity between irreconcilables. Thus, Dr. Sinnott's conclusion that "such a broad basis for unity will doubtless long remain impossible" and that it "faces practical obstacles almost insurmountable" is a generous understatement. Why not delete the words "doubtless long" and "almost"? To resort to slang, there is no use "kidding" ourselves. We can't straddle scientific materialism and supernaturalism.

LABAN LACY RICE.

Ware Neck, Va.

SIR: Edmund W. Sinnott has touched the root of the difficulty that besets us as we embark on the last half of this unique century. That we are about ready to reach a new plateau seems evident. It is unthinkable that so much brilliance as man has shown could be our undoing. It would, rather, seem that we have a richer, more glorious life ahead than has even been remotely dreamed.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

SIR: Professor Sinnott states: "Man is half ape and half angel." After reading this I felt that it would be interesting to find out how the apes feel about us humans in general and about the professor's remark in particular.

So I went to a neighboring monkey farm to interview an ape. I found several apes scratching themselves and, with the magnetic attraction of a banana, I had no trouble in securing the attention of a mature ape. After looking me over with a mixture of anger and curiosity he agreed to be interviewed. I said: "Mr. Ape, I have here a statement by a distinguished scientist who says that man is half angel and half ape. Have you any comment on this?"

Mr. Ape frowned, scratched himself, licked his lips, and then, as the full meaning of the words dawned upon him, whacked the table angrily with his big hairy hand, and said: "Tell this Professor Sinnott that we apes resent very much his undeserved insult and that any comparison with the human race is odious to us, especially his identification of the evil part of man with us apes. What have we done to be insulted like this by a scientist, who should be objective? Have we started any wars, persecuted, tortured, burned people alive, raped women, dropped incendiary and atomic bombs upon defenseless populations? Do we have jails crowded with criminals? Do we cheat so much that we cannot do business or enter into an agreement without having a lawyer to study the contract to make sure it has no loopholes and that it will be kept? Do we preach love and kindness and then hate Negroes, Jews, etc.? No, sir, we are simple but honorable; it is the human beings who do all those things. Oh, we might quarrel about a banana and we may even steal food, but only when we are hungry. We never destroy food nor hoard it while other apes are hungry. If I were a human being, and fortunately I am not, I would go out and punch the professor's nose or sue him for a good sum of money for slandering and libeling our good name. But since I am only an ape I'll be satisfied with a retraction from Professor Sinnott admitting that he was too hasty and unjust in stating that 'man is half ape.' I don't care about the angel part, though I think he exaggerates the proportion of goodness in man."

J. M. MARTINEZ.

Miami, Fla.

SIR: It is true that man is both mind and spirit and that in order to live well he must appreciate the values of both realms. But this truth is worthless unless man also realizes that his first allegiance belongs to spirit. The heart has precedence over the head. The divine impulse toward right, which all men have in favored moments and which, perhaps, no man has as an abiding presence, is a true guide for action, even though a man cannot explain the law of that impulse. In his article Professor Sinnott does not, I think, make sufficiently clear the primacy of spirit over mind, of heart over head, of God over man. In consequence, the total effect of his article seems to be a plea for a fantastic compromise between right and wrong, between materialism and ethics.

PAUL M. TAFFAE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Good News

▸ One of the most original ventures in education has been undertaken by Roman Catholic missionaries at Owe in Southwestern Nigeria. It is the creation of an educational institution that will combine academic, artistic, and technical training. Its purpose is to enable Africans to achieve an all-round development within a natural environment. The college will be the ideal village, and each student the model villager. The five-part syllabus of this new training center includes education in arts and crafts, agriculture, mechanics, and commercial subjects.

▸ The British national anthem's new second verse substitutes the hope of World Brotherhood for the former prayer that the Lord confound the enemies of His Majesty.

▸ American soldiers stationed near Frankfurt, Germany, equipped a dozen playgrounds as permanent Christmas gifts for thousands of German children. Instead of giving the usual Christmas parties local units provided see-saws, swings, athletic rings, slides, merry-go-rounds, and sand boxes for the playgrounds.

▸ Federal District Court Judge Dave W. Ling has ordered an end to segregation of Spanish-American students in the Tolleson, Arizona, public schools. His memorandum called the practice discriminatory and by direct implication a violation of civil rights.

▸ Forty thousand Berlin women and girls knitted for the United Nations to convert a shipment of wool from UNICEF into 75,000 pairs of stockings for needy children in time for winter.

▸ The thirty-ninth Inter-Parliamentary Conference, held recently in Dublin, Ireland, adopted unanimously a resolution "to eliminate from the teaching of history, and especially from textbooks, everything that is likely to perpetuate prejudices and past disputes between nations." The Conference expressed the wish that in the teaching of history greater attention should be paid to the evolution of civilization, of technical progress, and of culture in general—rather than military operations, dynastic rivalries, and so-called religious wars.

▸ The first orthopedic hospital in India was opened in Bombay last September. The hospital will have a clinic with provisions for an orthopedic workshop, a school for crippled children, and an institute for research in disease prevention.

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Stephen Crane: Lost and Found

A Classic Revalued—XVIII

JOHN T. WINTERICH

A COMPREHENSIVE survey of American literary accomplishment for 1950 might include such a paragraph as this:

> Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Sunrise to Sunset" was a lively, occasionally rowdy novel set in Troy, New York, in the days when the unattached collar was aborning; Mr. Adams also contributed several gay reminiscent narratives to *The New Yorker*. Charles Gates Dawes, former Vice President of the United States, now chairman of the board of the City National Bank of Chicago, published his "Journal of the McKinley Years." Bernard M. Baruch made several vitally important addresses and statements which are certain to be assembled as major pronouncements. Former Secretary of State Cordell Hull in a significant newspaper interview added a notable footnote to his memoirs. Earnest Elmo Calkins, who proudly proclaims himself in his "Who's Who in America" entry as "advertising man and author," wrote a delightful essay on a book club of his youth which was scheduled for early publication in *The New Colophon*. Bruce Rogers, fresh from his triumph as designer of the "World Bible," was at work on a surpassing catalogue of the Frick collection. Edgar A. Goodspeed's "A Life of Jesus" appearing at the year's end won universal critical acclaim.

All of these men (and the list could be augmented without too extensive research) were born before Stephen Crane. Yet Crane did not live to see the twentieth century. He died of tuberculosis in Badenweiler, Germany, on June 5, 1900, aged twenty-eight years, seven months, and four days.

The highest tribute to Crane's durability is the fact that posterity has long since ceased to regard him as a boy wonder. His contemporaries did so regard him, but that, in the nature of things, was inevitable. At twenty-four he was famous, the author of a novel whose permanence seems as assured as anything can be in a day when the permanence of humanity itself is increasingly debatable.

Crane paid for the publication of his first book, and in that same company are Poe, Hawthorne, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Willa Cather, and an embarrassingly long list of others. "Maggie: A Girl of the Streets" was not written as a shocker, but it shocked, or would have if anybody had bothered to buy it. When "The Red Badge of Courage" made Crane successful and therefore respectable the Appletons took "Maggie" over, but they were careful to replace every "damn" with "d--n" and every "hell" with "h--l," and in London Heinemann went further and substituted "Child" for "Girl" in the title.

When Knopf issued the twelve-volume collected "Work of Stephen Crane" in 1925-27 each volume was introduced by a sponsor of its own; the list is revealing: Joseph Hergesheimer, Robert H. Davis, Wilson Follett, Carl Van Doren, William Lyon Phelps, Amy Lowell, Thomas Beer (covering two volumes), Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, and Charles Michelson. The roster is as various as it is significant. To what extent if any its members were "influenced" by Crane I leave to the weigher of cultural imponderables. The list is at least valuable as an indication of the sort of men and women who a quarter of a century ago were reading, or rereading, Stephen Crane. Literary influences, moreover, do not stop at the top; they infiltrate through the mass. You will find a dash of Crane in almost any magazine story written in America in the last fifty years. For Crane was *fin de siècle* only by accident of the calendar. He would have fitted neatly into the century he never lived to know.

Had Crane lived we may be sure of one thing. He would have had the refusal of any job of war correspondence that came along, and plenty came. He would probably have taken on all he could manage; at least that is what he did in the few years that remained to him after "The Red Badge of Courage." By so doing he would have reversed the familiar pattern of newspaperman turned author into the far less common phenomenon of author turned newspaperman. This shift might have knocked in the head several great American novels—and again it might not have, for Crane was both industrious and prolific and would probably not have turned off the tap of creation with the filing of his daily dispatch from the front. As a war correspondent he would not, I am convinced, have togged himself out in the newest from Burberry's, frequented the most populous and expensive rear-echelon bars, and issued ponderous pronouncements on what-the-soldier-is-thinking. He would have been up there where the infantry was slugging it out, attired and comporting himself like an underprivileged corporal. Something of Stephen Crane lived again in Ernie Pyle.

STEPHEN CRANE has been subjected to more rediscoveries than any other American writer. He has been called neglected so often that a fresh definition of neglect would seem to be in order. Since World War I, in which he enjoyed his first rediscovery, he has been recreated in two biographies and his writings have been described and categorized in two bibliographies, by Vincent Starrett in 1923 and by Ames W. Williams and Mr. Starrett in 1948. Thomas Beer's "Stephen Crane: A Study in American Letters," published in 1923, infused new life into the Crane legend, and the process was assisted three years later with Beer's "The Mauve Decade." Joseph Conrad wrote an introduction for the Beer life, and the Conrad boom of the 1920's carried Crane along with it (or in a sense they spelled each other, for Crane occasionally carried Conrad). Hamlin Garland and Irving Bacheller reminisced—each had had a major share in the practical phases of the original discovery of Crane—and so did Ford Madox Ford and many others, for Crane's contemporaries were still short of elderly. Time began to tell against

(*Continued on page 43*)

In Print

STEPHEN CRANE's collected works are to be found today—if at all—in second-hand book shops. Pending reprinting of the complete edition, readers must rely on two omnibus volumes—"Collected Poems" (Knopf, $2.50) and "Twenty Stories" (Knopf, $2.75)—and "The Red Badge of Courage." The last is presently listed by Modern Library ($1.25), Appleton-Century-Crofts ($1.40), and Heritage Press ($3.50).

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Seeing Things

THE IRON TRANSPARENCY

"I SERVED the Communist Party for seven years—the same length of time as Jacob tended Laban's sheep to win Rachel his daughter. When the time was up, the bride was led into his dark tent; only the next morning did he discover that his ardors had been spent not on the lovely Rachel but on the ugly Leah. I wonder whether he ever recovered from the shock of having slept with an illusion. I wonder whether afterwards he believed that he had ever believed in it."

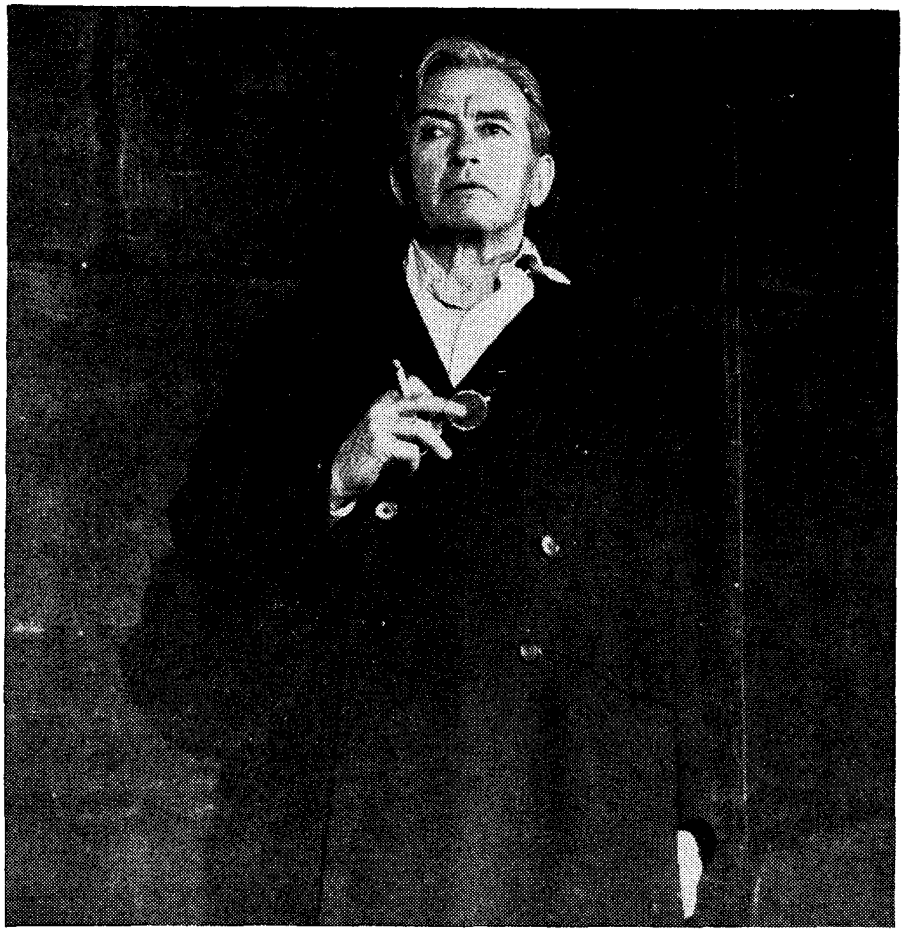
In this manner, and a vivid manner it is, Arthur Koestler concludes his contribution to "The God That Failed." Surely most readers interested in following the inner workings of the Communist Party and learning the extent to which it degrades and humiliates artists and thinkers must by now have read this important anthology. In it such writers as Ignazio Silone, Richard Wright, André Gide, Louis Fischer, Stephen Spender, and Mr. Koestler have frankly analyzed the misplaced idealism which in the Twenties or Thirties persuaded them to become Party members. With the utmost candor they have described their disillusioning experiences and given the reasons which sooner or later compelled them to renounce a faith that had failed them. Although each of these "confessions" is fascinating, in none is the sense of betrayed hope more graphically stated than in Mr. Koestler's allusion to Jacob and Leah.

Painful as Mr. Koestler's misadventures must have been, his "Lost Weekend in Utopia" was by no means wholly lost. Out of those seven years (1931-38) of strange assignments, mysterious meetings, two imprisonments, journeys to Russia and Spain, and acquaintanceship with stalwart revolutionists who were fated to be executed after trials that were mockeries of justice came "Darkness at Noon." And few would dispute, unless as card-carrying Party members they were forced to do so, that this novel, which Sidney Kingsley has now dramatized,* is one of the finest to have emerged from our tumultuous times.

A decade has passed since "Darkness at Noon" was published. But the years, which bury books unmercifully, have not been able to rob Mr. Koestler's novel of its life. Although its initial impact was tremendous, its power continues undiminished. As a matter of fact, with each rereading "Darkness at Noon" seems the more remarkable. It stands the test of renewed scrutiny. Familiarity with it breeds only mounting admiration. The muscularity of its thinking, the skill of its planning, the vividness of its characterizations, the adroitness with which it shuttles from past to present, and the sense it creates of inhabiting a tortured mind (indeed, many minds, including the reader's) while it is laying bare the horrors of a governmental dream which has become a nightmare—all of these are merits that stand out more unmistakably on the fourth reading than on the first.

Equally notable is the manner in which Mr. Koestler has avoided the usual stencils and expected physical brutalities a propagandist would have relied on. He was writing from disenchantment, no doubt from sorrow and anger too, about a topical event. He shared the outrage which rocked the world when the so-called Moscow Trials made a gauze transparency of that dividing curtain now spoken of as being iron. His, however, must have been a special fury when, as one of the enraptured, he was forced to realize that the cause upon which he had squandered his ardors was a Leah, not a Rachel. His book was dedicated to the memory of the men he had known personally who were victims of those trials. He had, in short, every reason for allowing bitterness to get the better of his skill and scorn to submerge his craftsmanship. But Mr. Koestler, being the exceptional writer he is, did more than keep himself and his materials under control. He was able to transform what in lesser hands could easily have provided the stuffs of indignant journalism into a work of art.

HIS story of how Rubashov, an old and famous Communist, is imprisoned and put to death for crimes of



—*Fred Fehl.*

Claude Rains—"one of the major performances of the season."

DARKNESS AT NOON, a dramatization by Sidney Kingsley of the novel by Arthur Koestler. Staged by Mr. Kingsley. Settings and lighting by Frederick Fox. Costumes by Kenn Barr. Associate producer, May Kirshner. Presented by the Playwrights' Company. With a cast including Claude Rains, Walter J. Palance, Alexander Scourby, Philip Coolidge, Richard Seff, Allan Rich, Kim Hunter, Herbert Ratner, Norman Roland, Will Kuluva, Geoffrey Barr, etc. At the Alvin Theatre, New York City. Opened January 13, 1951.

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by CARSON McCULLERS
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ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
Sam S. Schubert W. 44 Evg. Incl. Sun. Mat. Sat. & Sun.

which he was innocent, is a masterly piece of work. No book of the many I have read on Soviet Russia or Communism has demonstrated so memorably how the Communist intellect, in or out of prison, is always imprisoned. None has shown in terms more terrifying how in Stalin's Russia the "means" have become the "ends." None has presented more graphically the cleavage which divides the older Party members from the younger generations they have spawned, a generation born (in Rubashov's phrase) without an umbilical cord.

The excellences of Mr. Koestler's novel are many. Among these count the sweep of its narrative, the firm sketching of its vignettes, the expert use it makes of small sensory details such as the smell of Gletkin's revolver belt, the tension of its cross-examinations, its depiction of the miseries and hungers of those who huddle in prison cells, and the brilliance with which it gets at the very essence of ideas. No feature of the book, however, is more admirable than Mr. Koestler's delineation of Rubashov. He is drawn without sentimentality, a figure every bit as ruthless as his opponents. His final tragedy is that though he has come to see the Party's faults he cannot forsake its precepts. He dies a perpetuator of the lie, fully aware of the crimes that are, yet willing to confess to crimes he himself has not committed.

Almost inevitably some of the literary qualities of "Darkness at Noon" have been mislaid in the process of bringing it to the stage. This was bound to be so, considering the very form and nature of the novel. Even so, and to a degree I would have thought impossible, Mr. Kingsley has succeeded in both his production and his dramatization in turning a fine book into an exciting and distinguished evening in the theatre.

Mr. Koestler may be a man of genius and Mr. Kingsley a man of ingenuity. But in the world behind the footlights Mr. Kingsley's ingenuity is not to be underestimated. He is a technician of outstanding abilities. His

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The ROSE TATTOO
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON
Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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instinct for the stage is keen, his mastery of its means genuine. He happens to be a realist of the most painstaking sort. Everyone who saw "Men in White," "Dead End," or "Detective Story" must remember his inclination to hold the pier glass rather than the hand mirror up to nature. His fondness for the gadgets of realism remains undisguised even in "Darkness at Noon." Occasionally it is responsible for details which are irrelevancies, such as the carefully furnished flashback scenes and the scrupulous painting of every stone on the transparencies that now serve as the walls of Rubashov's prison.

A LITTLE more imagination, a bolder use of suggestion, and less devotion to the Belasco trappings would no doubt have heightened Mr. Kingsley's production and made it theatrically more arresting. He has, however, been fortunate in having as his designer Frederick Fox, who is his equal in ingenuity. Mr. Fox has contrived a multiple setting which solves with startling ease the problem (and quite a housing problem it is) of containing not only Rubashov's cell and cells for some of his fellow prisoners but of allowing the drama to wander about from locale to locale as swiftly as Rubashov's memories or his present experiences. As a director Mr. Kingsley has also kept things moving. His script may lag in the second act and the sequences with the betrayed secretary may seem to take on an unintended importance. But Mr. Kingsley's direction is incisive and contributive throughout, and rises to haunting climaxes in those scenes when all the prisoners start beating upon their cell walls at once and their despairing protests find an eloquent release.

From the evening's many superior performances some inadequate mention must be made of Walter J. Palance who is terrifyingly right as the young Neanderthaler who conducts the second hearing; of Philip Coolidge's crack-brained White Russian who occupies the cell next to Rubashov's; of Herbert Ratner as the stammering German whom Rubashov dismisses from the Party in the Art Gallery scene; of Alexander Scourby as the old revolutionist and friend in charge of the earlier cross-examinations; and of Kim Hunter as Rubashov's mistress-secretary.

The major performance of the evening is, of course, Claude Rains's Rubashov, and it turns out to be one of the major performances of the season. Always a good actor, Mr. Rains has sometimes in the past been tempted to be too much of an actor. His Rubashov, however, never gets out of hand. It is beautifully controlled and modulated, underplayed rather than overplayed, and doubly effective for this very reason. The demands of the part are backbreaking. Quite aside from what it represents as a feat of memory, its other requirements for concentration are merciless. Yet Mr. Rains manages to meet all these tests triumphantly. The iron of Rubashov is in him, the knife-like quality of his mind, the habit of command, and the force that is his. The human being is also there, alive though submerged, but guilty of thinking and feeling at moments in terms of the first person singular. This is a sin according to the Party. It is a bourgeois weakness which Mr. Koestler described as "the grammatical fiction." Nonetheless, the fact that Rubashov is a man no less than a Communist, even though an individual stifled and ultimately self-erasing because of loyalty to the Party, is a source of the strength both of Mr. Rains's playing and Mr. Koestler's and Mr. Kingsley's writing.

I notice that some of my confreres have complained because in his dramatization Mr. Kingsley has named the USSR as the setting of his play whereas Mr. Koestler specified no country in his novel. Surely this is an illogical objection. Mr. Koestler's dedication made clear beyond doubt the scene he had in mind. So, for that matter, did the story he had to tell on each of its haunting pages. It would seem a little late in the day for liberals, no matter how liberal, to pretend to themselves that "Darkness at Noon" is laid in Cuckoo-Borough-on-Clouds. It is, alas, anchored in reality and its truth is part of its power.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DARK BAHAMA *Peter Cheney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Assorted sleuths make international war undercover (and undercovers) solve murders, commit mahem, and save the Papers, in the passionate Bahamas with London and Miami outposts.	Pseudo-sophistication, cliché culture, but taut narrative and plausible surprise to last sentence, though ultimate issues coyly evaded.	A smoothie
SKYTIP *Eliot Reed* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Decent Londoner on a breakdown vacation in clay-mining remoteness of Cornwall stumbles on blackmail and treason involving Fascist M.P. Decency wins out—cheer-o.	Rubbled clay pits ask for murder; hypnotic politicians timely and evil; combination arbitrary but well woven, ably written if over-"literary."	Direct and alive
ALIAS FOR DEATH *Barbara Leonard Reynolds* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Abigail Potter, famous mystery writer, solves real poisoning and real-estate grab in small Ohio town mostly by fluster and bluster.	Surface detail believable, but people stuffed with conversation and "thoughts" that fit nothing but needs of desperate author.	Close to a bore
MURDER ON THE LEFT BANK *Elliot Paul* (Random House: $2.50)	Homer Evans, well-heeled American, helps police discover murder in "natural" deaths of army personnel and ravel up international loose ends in comic-opera Paris.	Civilized salad tossed with seasoning of existentialist beards, complacent chamber maids, innocent merriment. Knowing style, quick movement, and suspense.	Anatole France in modern dress
THE THIRTY-FIRST OF FEBRUARY *Julian Symons* (Harper: $2.50)	Anderson's wife falls to death; then changing calendars, anonymous letters, and anonymous treachery haunt him while Scotland Yard sniffs at his heels.	Sharp satire on English version of advertising game; terror mixed with waspish humor to a breathless denouement.	Superior
WHICH MRS. TORR? *Maude Parker* (Rinehart: $2.50)	Mother and grandmother in a to-the-death struggle over a seven-year-old multimillionaire. Several ineffectual relatives and friends watch the process.	It takes a storm and 197 pages to accomplish this murder. Elaborate and improbable way to say that scheming women come to no good end.	Better than nothing at all

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SRL Goes to the Movies

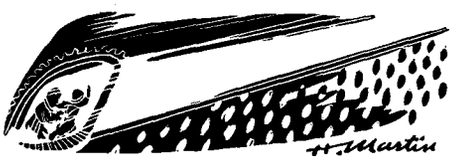
VIOLENCE ON A LOW BUDGET

ON A VISIT to Hollywood not too long ago I was told by the executive producer of a major studio, "We're making eighteen pictures this year, and they're all going to be great. Not one will cost less than a million dollars." Despite this frequent mistaking of cash for quality every once in a while a low-budget feature comes along that challenges comparison with the million-dollar epics. There have been three in the past few weeks. All of them suffer a bit from production shortcomings—settings on the shabby side, a lack of finish in the photography. But perhaps solely because their budgets were low the producers of these films came to rely on intrinsic story interest to bring into the theatres that portion of the audience which can no longer be lured simply by star names on the marquee.

Most interesting of the group is "The Sound of Fury,"* produced by Robert Stillman, formerly associated with the most conspicuously successful experimenter in this field, Stanley Kramer. Like their earlier "Home of the Brave" this film, too, examines a social problem, taking a definite stand against mob violence. Elementary perhaps, yet important in these days. Adapted from Jo Pagano's novel "The Condemned," which in turn was based on an actual instance of vigilante action in California during the early Thirties, it outlines the story of Howard Tyler, a war veteran who has recently settled in Santa Sierra with his wife and child. Unable to find work Tyler drifts into petty crime and then abruptly into murder. Newspaper headlines inflame the townspeople; Slocum, the psychopathic killer, and Tyler, are lynched together.

Simply as the story of an honest man drawn into a life of crime "The Sound of Fury" is completely satisfactory. Both the script and Frank Lovejoy's tortured performance make thoroughly convincing the character of Howard Tyler, a weak, desperate man who loathes what he must do to feed his family and then horrified by Slocum's cold-blooded killing surrenders to the inevitability of the mob's action. His family background and the reactions of his wife and child to his crime are drawn with moving simplicity. And the bullying, unprincipled Slocum as played with flashy accuracy by Lloyd Bridges seems completely the logical person to corrupt a Howard Tyler.

But as the crowds gather for the climactic scenes of the lynching a certain weakness in the film becomes manifest. Though some effort is made to indicate the dangers of mob violence, causes are ignored. The headlines of a circulation-hungry editor serve as a convenient excuse; but what psychological compulsions brought together this crowd of college boys, housewives, and bums? Why this urge to kill? One leaves the film filled with a horror of mob violence, but that horror would be more constructive if the film itself had revealed what motivates mob fury. However, the moral indignation it rouses in the spectator is not dissipated as the picture ends. For this the producers of "The Sound of Fury" deserve a special honor.



"The Steel Helmet"* was rushed through production to bring to the screen a dramatic story of the war in Korea. It has much in common with many other war stories—perhaps a shade too much for its own good. Once again there is the special patrol sent out on a hazardous mission. Once again the patrol is made up of fairly familiar "characters": the gruff sergeant with the heart of gold, the chickenish officer, the comedy private, the heroic Negro. Even their combat mission is a familiar one. The dangers of establishing an observation post are essentially the same whether the fighting is in France, Burma, or Korea.

But out of this rather unpromising material writer-producer-director Samuel Fuller has fashioned a tight, tense, exciting little picture. He wrote it with a keen sense of the drama behind today's page-one headlines and filled out his characters from his own memories of World War II. The absence of stars in this film is a positive asset: the very lack of identity in the faces that fill the screen adds to the persuasiveness of the action. Gene Evans as the tough Sergeant Zack, Steve Brodie as the lieutenant, and James Edwards as the Negro medic come off with top honors.

By working into his patrol in addition to the Negro a Nisei sergeant and a captured Red officer Fuller has an opportunity to talk a little about the advantages of democracy over Communism as a way of life. The talk is good and to the point, although a bit self-conscious in its interjection. Everybody seems much happier when it is all over.

And finally there is Orson Welles's "Macbeth."* Welles himself is reported to be dissatisfied with the studio's editing of his film, but there are some things that are not altered by editorial shears: the flat, unpoetic, at times unintelligible reading of lines; the ludicrous costumes, especially those of the star; the dark and visually uninteresting castle settings. Only the battle scenes have any real vitality to them—the same kind of vitality that turns up at the climax of Republic's popular Westerns. Welles made this "Macbeth" for Republic in a record twenty-three days, probably to prove to them that the classics could be equally popular and equally inexpensive to produce. But there is precious little Shakespeare here. Whether the fault lies in Welles's conception or in Republic's editing is irrelevant.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

The Steel Helmet: Reviewed in this issue.

The Sound of Fury: Reviewed in this issue.

Ways of Love: Recipient of the film critics' award for the year's best foreign picture, this packaged trio of short movies by Pagnol, Renoir, and Rossellini is distinguished by superb direction, camera work, and performances.

The Halls of Montezuma: Filmed in good but not too glorious Technicolor. Shots of actual Marine-Navy maneuvers laced with taut performances into overpowering climax.

Born Yesterday: Billie Dawn gropes hilariously through ABC's of democracy, with considerable private enterprise.

Harvey: A man with a six-foot-four bun. Not so Fay as original Broadway comedy but still merry.

Breakthrough: Exploits of the infantry-battalion level at St. Lô. Realistically presented—within formula strictures.

King Solomon's Mines: The magnificently photographed jungles and wild animals of Africa serve as background for an exciting adventure story.

Mad Wednesday: Harold Lloyd comes back in a film so funny that you will be in danger of hurting yourself with belly laughs.

*THE SOUND OF FURY, screen play by Jo Pagano from his novel "The Condemned." Directed by Cyril Endfield. Produced by Robert Stillman. Released through United Artists. With Frank Lovejoy, Kathleen Ryan, Richard Carlson, Lloyd Bridges, Katherine Locke, Adele Jergens, Art Smith.

*THE STEEL HELMET, written, produced, and directed by Samuel Fuller. Released by Lippert Pictures, Inc. With Robert Hutton, Steve Brodie, Gene Evans, James Edwards.

*MACBETH, adapted and directed by Orson Welles, from the play by William Shakespeare. Released through Republic Pictures. With Welles, Jeanette Nolan, Edgar Barrier, Roddy McDowall, Alan Napier.

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TV and Radio

THE OLD BADGER GAME

BEING one myself I find it singularly easy to get pretty mad every time I hear a radio or television comic badger a writer.

"Oh, that writer!" said Jimmy Durante the other evening after he read a line which was supposed to get a studio laugh but didn't. "He should be hanged by the toes." And Bob Hope after a line that didn't register with his studio audience said, "That's what I get for hiring one of the Ma Perkins's writers."

Quickly I add here that the several jokes each of these gentlemen told immediately following those lines all got laughs. I did not hear Mr. Durante say then, "Oh, that writer! I must remember to give him a fifty-dollar raise." Neither did I hear Bob say, "Thank you, Larry Gelbart" or Larry Marx, or any of the several writers who supply that seemingly inexhaustible batch of jokes which has made Hope the sharp comic he is today.

This tends to leave the impression that the occasional mediocre jokes which creep into a script are always written by a writer who should have known better, but the jokes which get the big laughs are ad libbed by the comedian who reads them. I get that impression myself and I should know better. So should some of the critics whose reviews I've been reading lately. One of them wrote recently: "It was great to hear Tallulah stand there and ad lib with Groucho Marx for an hour and a half." I wonder what would happen if Tallulah suddenly turned a page in her script and there at the top of a blank page the writers had written: "OK, Tallulah, go ahead and ad lib now for the next two pages." Not that Miss Bankhead can't ad lib—away from the microphone she is as sharp of tongue as she is of wit, but any comic who tries to ad lib more than a line or two here or there is going to come out a bad second to a carefully planned and written routine.

This is not to advocate the abolition of comics. Any writer who is worth his salt (minus withholding tax) will be the first to admit that a line is given added stature when spoken by a top performer. It's the combination of writing and delivery. If it were the writing alone the comments the day after a program would run something like this:

"Say, did you hear Milt Josephsberg last night? Wasn't that funny when Milt said to Sam Perrin, 'You can't take the Maxwell out tonight, boss, we're out of gas.' And Sam Perrin said, 'I can't understand that. I put in a teaspoonful only last Saturday.'"

I am of course opposed to that sort of thing—as I am opposed to all the time-wasting dreaming of Utopia. What I started to point out however is that I am opposed to the badgering of writers for the jokes that don't go over, unless the badgering is coupled on the same program with high praise for the writers who conceived the jokes that get the big laughs.

A program which badgered the writers for almost an hour the other evening was the Jerry Lester debut into big-time television. This is the gentleman who has been making people laugh at a late hour when their resistance is at its lowest. From eleven to midnight three nights a week he has been delivering a show which I haven't stayed awake for more than once or twice but which has been described to me by some avid followers as "an hilarious, off-the-cuff show." Well, Mr. Lester appeared at eight o'clock Sunday night on the Colgate comedy hour and his cuffs were as frayed as his script. He spent a goodly portion of that hour badgering his writers. I'm sure Mr. Lester saw his script before he started his show. The time to have badgered was during rehearsal, which I suppose the show had although I wouldn't swear to it. I don't know when I've spent a more embarrassing five minutes than when Mr. Lester brought on Pat O'Brien, Joan Bennett, and Kukla, Fran, and Ollie along with their creator, Burr Tillstrom, and offered to make them members of his bean-bag club. Miss Bennett looked confused and baffled, and I'm certain nobody had told her what the bean-bag gimmick was. I'm not certain I know what the bean-bag thing is either. But I do know that anyone who thinks an hour-long show can be based on it is full of beans.

In spite of this I don't think Mr. Lester should have referred to his writers the way he did through the show. He accepted what they wrote before he did the show, and this is the same kind of material he has been accepting when he does Broadway Open House at eleven till midnight.

Little damage was done. After the show we took our Colgate toothpaste and brushed our television thoroughly (it does remove decay at that), used a bottle of Halo on the bearded jokes, and then with some Palmolive soap we washed our hands of the whole thing, just as the girl in the bathroom does in their commercials.

Of course the writers were not named by Mr. Lester. He just looked off into oblivion as he spoke of them and referred to them as "writers." But at the finish of the show there they were in the credits for all to see.

This brings me always to my argument that writers should not insist on credits at the end of any radio or television show. It has been my experience that when a show is going good and gets big laughs it stretches and there is only time for a hurried station identification, and the writers get no credit at all. But when the show is bad and there are no laughs and about three minutes are left over the writers get plenty of credit. It's time the comics stopped badgering their writers. It's time they laid off. And without writers they would be.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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Music To My Ears

FLAGSTAD'S RETURN — "CAV." AND "PAG." — BRUNO WALTER'S BRAHMS

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD'S reappearance at the Metropolitan in "Tristan" has come and gone, leaving behind it an atmosphere of unreality not unlike an imagining of Lewis Carroll. "Sentence first, verdict afterwards" inevitably flashed to mind when at the curtain rise the full house showed who was who by blasting the end of the Prelude with applause and cheers that delayed the work for minutes and made a mockery of Wagner's carefully contrived plan. Mme. Flagstad, her head buried in arms as the action decrees, gave no visible sign of response; conductor Fritz Reiner obligingly stood by and waited.

Ordinarily an audience is a footnote to a review, if that; but the Flagstad audiences by their aggressive partisanship have made themselves as much a part of her appearances as the music, her way of singing it, or the works which one presumes they come to hear. This one (a special gathering of her admirers, not a customarily miscellaneous subscription gathering) overdid even the rapture she commanded at her best. By one who remembers her first Isolde as well as her most recent, it was never considered *au fait* to applaud before she had sung one act at least.

Since that period spans sixteen years one may say at once that Flagstad is beyond doubt a musical marvel, who delivered on this highly charged occasion an Isolde of remarkable breadth, control, and solidity. There were opinions on all sides from which one might gather that she was better than ever, nothing like as good, or any median point between. To this ear—tracing the inflection from one phrase to the next, coming up against a way of doing something that ever and again summoned memories of things gone by—vocal decline, if any, was barely perceptible. None of the challenge in the part was skimped, and if she held back somewhat in the first act it was always her way to be a slow starter. Certainly the second act was a passage of sustained song no other singer today could excel and only Traubel at her best could equal. At that best in the first act Traubel's word-coloring was more expressive than Flagstad's, as Frida Leider's was in the second act. She tired at the end; but, then, she has not been doing such strenuous roles regularly of late.

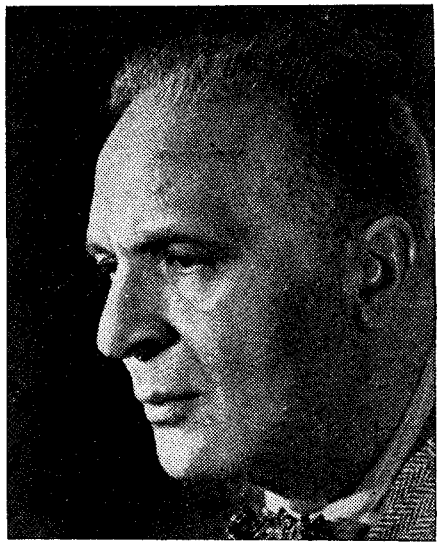
As a characterization Flagstad's Isolde has veered about slightly without changing in any substantial aspect. An aristocratic reserve is its dominant trait, dissolving under the easing spell of the drink into an abandon relative and always regal. Except in a purely tonal sense she does not touch the heights of ecstasy nor sound the depths of tragedy as some more human if less gifted Isoldes; but she remains an unquestioned standard of vocal prowess in a time when all standards—and not merely musical ones as this evening attested—are debased. The evidence of ten years' passing is oddly more pronounced physically than musically: the trim, vibrant picture of health is no longer. Reiner's slow way with this score was much as before, and Ramon Vinay's Tristan and Blanche Thebom's Brangaene were both somewhat pallid, an increment either of the occasion or the overshadowing company.

Also of recent note at the Metropolitan was a restaging of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," the first directed by Hans Busch, the second by Max Leavitt, with scenery for both by Horace Armistead and costumes by John Robert Lloyd. An earnest quest for novelty was manifest in each, tending to contemporary dress and modernization of decor. With this aspiration I have no quarrel; but I did not find that anything quite so valid as the old manner had been provided by either director's new manner.

Of the two, "Cavalleria" had a firmer substance, a more relevant pattern. Even so the gangsterish dress for Turiddu (Richard Tucker), featuring a green shirt, red tie, fawn-colored suit, and buckskin shoes, suggested more the influence of Lucky Luciano than Sicilian authorities might appreciate. An unfortunate arrangement of set pieces pushed all the action uncomfortably forward, with numerous incongruities in the comings and goings of ensemble masses.

"Pagliacci" by contrast was relatively skimpy in visual impact, with a scattering of flat pieces suggesting a bombed-out building in which the players had taken refuge. Here again there is no intrinsic objection to making "Pagliacci" contemporary, providing it has logic, sense, and style. Granting a certain inquisitive attitude in Leavitt's treatment, the results were far too crude and improvised for the expanses of the Metropolitan stage.

It is conceivable that both would have made a better impression were the musical performances stronger. Zinka Milanov's Santuzza was an affirmation of her known vocal powers and an encouraging evidence of surer command of them than when she was last heard in 1947; Richard Tucker's Turiddu loud but unconvincing, Clifford Harvuot's Alfio neither one nor the other. In "Pagliacci" only Leonard Warren as Tonio had the equipment to match his assignment, which he carried out with brilliant success. Delia Rigal was a fluttery-voiced Nedda and Ramon Vinay a throaty Canio. Why he of all tenors in Metropolitan history should sing Canio and Tristan within a week's span is something to be answered by those who put him in that predicament, not by a mere listener. Alberto Erede's conducting had push rather than impact, surface energy but not much basic force.



Bruno Walter "passed his annual miracle."

AT Carnegie the Philharmonic has enjoyed a stimulating ascent to rarefied altitudes with the beginning of a Brahms cycle directed by Bruno Walter. The risk in this is minimum, of course; neither Brahms nor Walter is any part of an unknown quantity. But this need not diminish the worth of what was offered. As those who are acquainted with this body of players are aware the Philharmonic personnel needs only to be retuned and taken firmly in hand to yield results astonishing by its own usual standard. From the first chords of the "Tragic" Overture it was evident that Walter had passed his annual miracle, brought the players to a keen awareness of matter and an alert interest in substance that is no common lot of its weekly fare. With Zino Francescatti he delivered a superbly broad and eloquent version of the violin concerto. With the orchestra he ennobled the "Tragic" Overture and the C minor Symphony on a robust scale of enduring values. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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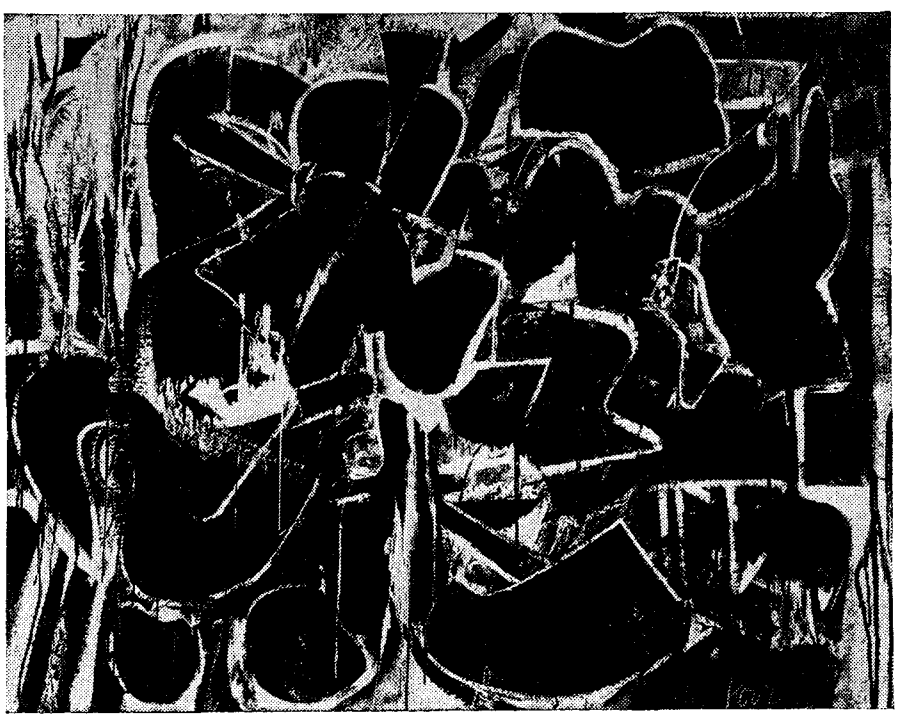
THE FINE ARTS

BELLICOSE FISH AND A STEADY PULSE

"WHILE there will probably always be illustrative pictures, it cannot be denied that this century may see the flowering of a new art of forms and colors alone." Thus wrote Morgan Russell in the catalogue of New York's Forum Exhibition of 1916, the American sequel to the international Armory Show held in the same city three years before. The twentieth century had in fact already witnessed such a development in Europe, where cubism had opened the sluices in Monet's hyper-impressionist lily ponds, releasing a flood of autonomous color and line in which recognizable objects kept afloat with difficulty or sank completely out of sight. What is surprising is that American artists so quickly joined the new tide. When we consider that all three of our major nineteenth-century painters—Homer, Ryder, and Eakins—were belated as to program, however authoritative in talent, it seems apparent that not until our own epoch has American art ruled out the potential though by no means certain handicaps of provincial delay. That, I think, is one of the points affirmed by the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition, "Abstract Art in America," on display through March 25.

Morgan Russell, whom I have quoted above, around 1912 launched with S. Macdonald-Wright what must have been the first cohesive, widely publicized movement in American abstract art. Before the First World War the two men were holding exhibitions in the capitals of Europe. Possibly despairing of finding someone who would apply to them a derisive title as memorable as fauvism or cubism they invented their own. They called their movement "synchromism." It is not the tidiest label on modern art's shelf, and the goods it describes are by now a little shopworn. Up-to-date the syncromists once were, beyond doubt. That, I imagine, still counts in their favor, remembering the limitations of their imaginative gifts. But in matters of esthetic judgment a lapse of thirty or forty years can be especially cruel—crueller than that of a full century, which brings a more irrevocable acclaim or oblivion. At any rate, whereas the best cubist pictures of the pre-war period still appear as contemporary as life itself, those of the synchromists look dated, like images in a photograph album of a bygone period.

The American artists of 1910-20 who worked independently at abstraction without benefit of manifestoes did much better. Indeed, theirs was a remarkable generation. It included some artists of wholly Anglo-Saxon origin like Marin, Hartley, and Sheeler and foreign-born luminaries like Weber and Stella. Seen now in retrospect many of their works retain their freshness and vigor. I doubt that more recent American painting has produced anything finer than Marin's top watercolors of that decade or Joseph Stella's cubist-futurist visions of Brooklyn Bridge or Max Weber's rich, kaleidoscopic presentation of New York scenes or Lyonel Feininger's expatriate style in which the lyric atmosphere of German romanticism is combined with cubist precepts or Georgia O'Keeffe's pristine elisions of form.



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

A 1948 painting by Willem de Kooning.

NEARLY all the artists just discussed have held their eminent places, and to understand their continuing validity we need only compare their works with those of their more conservative contemporaries, many of whom are represented by depressingly banal "subject" pictures in the Metropolitan Museum's present show of modern American painting. A revolutionary spirit in the artist does not guarantee quality, and I for one would consider the deliberately reactionary Edward Hopper fully as vital as an advanced artist like Weber. Nevertheless, it requires immense conviction for a painter to say something new while turning backward in time, and the odds on survival are weighted in favor of those who have plunged forward.

It does seem to me that the progressive American artists of the World War I generation have come out on top and are likely to stay there. Their victory is made the more impressive by the addition to their ranks of two stragglers whom the Museum of Modern Art's exhibition has revived and sent into the fray. These two men are Morton Schamberg and John Covert. Both were once well known. But Schamberg died in 1918 at thirty-seven, and Covert abandoned painting from 1923 until a few years ago. I don't know the explanation of the latter's renunciation, but it must have entailed a considerable revulsion of spirit, for his "Temptation of St. Anthony" and "Brass Band" are two of the most personal pictures in the Museum's show. If the average quality of Covert's early pictures is anywhere near that high he should be given a one-man exhibition soon. And Schamberg's machine-inspired forms have a peculiarly deft austerity, as though he must have been a sort of Juan Gris of the dadaist movement in New York.

During the 1920's abstract art in

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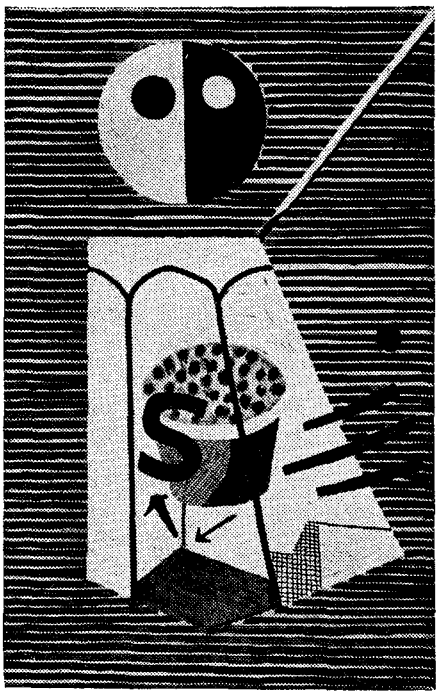
America tended to dwindle, as it did abroad under the impact of surrealism and of Picasso's revival of neo-classicism and later of a more objective still-life manner. I agree with Andrew C. Ritchie's statement in the Museum catalogue that Stuart Davis was probably the most talented of our newcomers to the abstract fold. But soon after 1930 Alexander Calder, the sculptor, emerged as internationally one of the most important artists our country and century have produced. He and various painters here forged a strong link with the abstractionists in Paris and England during the 1930's, and I don't recall that our abstract movement was so thoroughly overshadowed by "American scene" and social realist painting as Mr. Ritchie implies. There is no question however that the greatest expansion in native abstract art has taken place within the past ten years and more particularly within the past five. To this decade belong the fine late works of Arshile Gorky, the best sculptures of Noguchi, Richard Lippold, and others.

Even the brief interval since the recent war has seen the advent of a great number of artists working in the abstract direction, among them William Baziotes, James Brooks, Jimmy Ernst, Fritz Glarner, William Kienbusch, Willem De Kooning, Robert Motherwell, Jackson Pollack, Richard Pousette-Dart, Mark Rothko, Bradley Walker Tomlin — all of them worth keeping an eye out for in the present show. I wish that the Museum's catalogue could have attempted to elucidate and define the aspects and categories of the postwar school in American abstraction. It is the biggest we have ever had and in many ways the most interesting, not least of all because it is so strictly contemporary.

There are one or two other points which trouble me about Mr. Ritchie's scholarly and on the whole commendable text. His valiant attempt to subdivide abstraction into five sections—"pure geometric, architectural and mechanical geometric, naturalistic geometric, expressionist geometric, and expressionist biomorphic"—seems to me to cloud rather than clarify what abstract art is like, and many of the artists could be moved, light as a feather, from one bin to another. I also disagree with his statement that "as a general rule the human or animal figure plays an exceedingly small role in any kind of twentieth-century abstract art." What about cubism, announced by Picasso's huge figure piece "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" and so long concerned with the human head and figure? What of Franz Marc's cows and Calder's birds, of Klee's cats and Masson's bellicose fish? I think in fact that a strong case could be made for twentieth-century abstract art as having paid more attention to zoology than any movement since romanticism, and that Mr. Ritchie erects a rather arbitrary framework in narrowing the basic approach of abstraction to landscape and still life. Nor do I share his belief that before Cézanne still life was "the lowest subject in the academic hierarchy." In certain places and times it was, in others it certainly was not.

In any case the show is the main thing, and Mr. Ritchie has assembled it with taste and care. It will prove, I think, one of the most interesting and informative exhibitions of the season. I especially urge those who think of abstract art as postatomic nonsense to go through the show patiently and with open mind. They will then perhaps see both how old and enduring the movement is, how youthful and steady its pulse.

—James Thrall Soby.



—*Museum of Modern Art.*

"Salt Shaker," by Stuart Davis (1931).

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Andrew Jackson in "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain. 2. Duck in "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London. 3. Jip in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 4. Argus in "The Odyssey," by Homer. 5. Red Wull in "Bob, Son of Battle," by Alfred Ollivant. 6. Oscar in "Topper," by Thorne Smith. 7. Flopit in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington. 8. Boccaccio in "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley. 9. Nana in "Peter Pan," by James M. Barrie. 10. "Beautiful Joe," by Marshall Saunders.

Museum Without Walls

VAN GOGH. By Meyer Schapiro. RENOIR. By Walter Pach. EL GRECO. By Leo Bronstein. Three volumes in The Library of Great Painters. New York: Harry N. Abrams. $10 each.

By A. W. Morgan

IN THE past, publishers of books on art have done little to relieve the American artist and public from the isolation they suffer from the tradition of Western painting. Ineffectual criticism and color reproduction have been largely responsible. Few books have been produced that give young artists the opportunity to know the work of their masters: books that present a well-selected retrospect of an artist's work in full color, accompanied by a text that attempts to get "inside" the paintings—to present the intrinsic nature of the painting rather than the extraneous nature of the painter. The lack of such books in schools and homes has prolonged the ignorance of the general public which never enjoys what the American artist receives too late—the trip to Europe.

The appearance of Harry N. Abrams's "Library of Great Painters" relieves this situation; it is vital news. Furthermore this publisher presents the first real challenge to the European art book "monopoly." The task of color printing, engraving, binding, and editing was performed in the United States. Each volume contains an excellent introduction with fine gravure prints and fifty reproductions in full color; a critical text accompanies each painting.

These books compare so favorably with the best European art books that collectors will have to question their habitual (and formerly justified) prejudice for imports. The publication of this series indicates that the American public is now sufficiently interested in art books to warrant a domestic supply; it will extend our familiarity with the paintings in the good European collections. And it minimizes the temptation to European publishers to print art books in English that are calculated to "sell" or "please" the American public (already too much encouraged to take diabolical pleasure in banal and unsophisticated tastes). In view of the quality of these books, I was delighted to learn that they sell for only ten dollars each. If competition still operates, the price of foreign-made books of similar scope will have to come down.

The choice of Van Gogh, Renoir, and El Greco for the first three volumes

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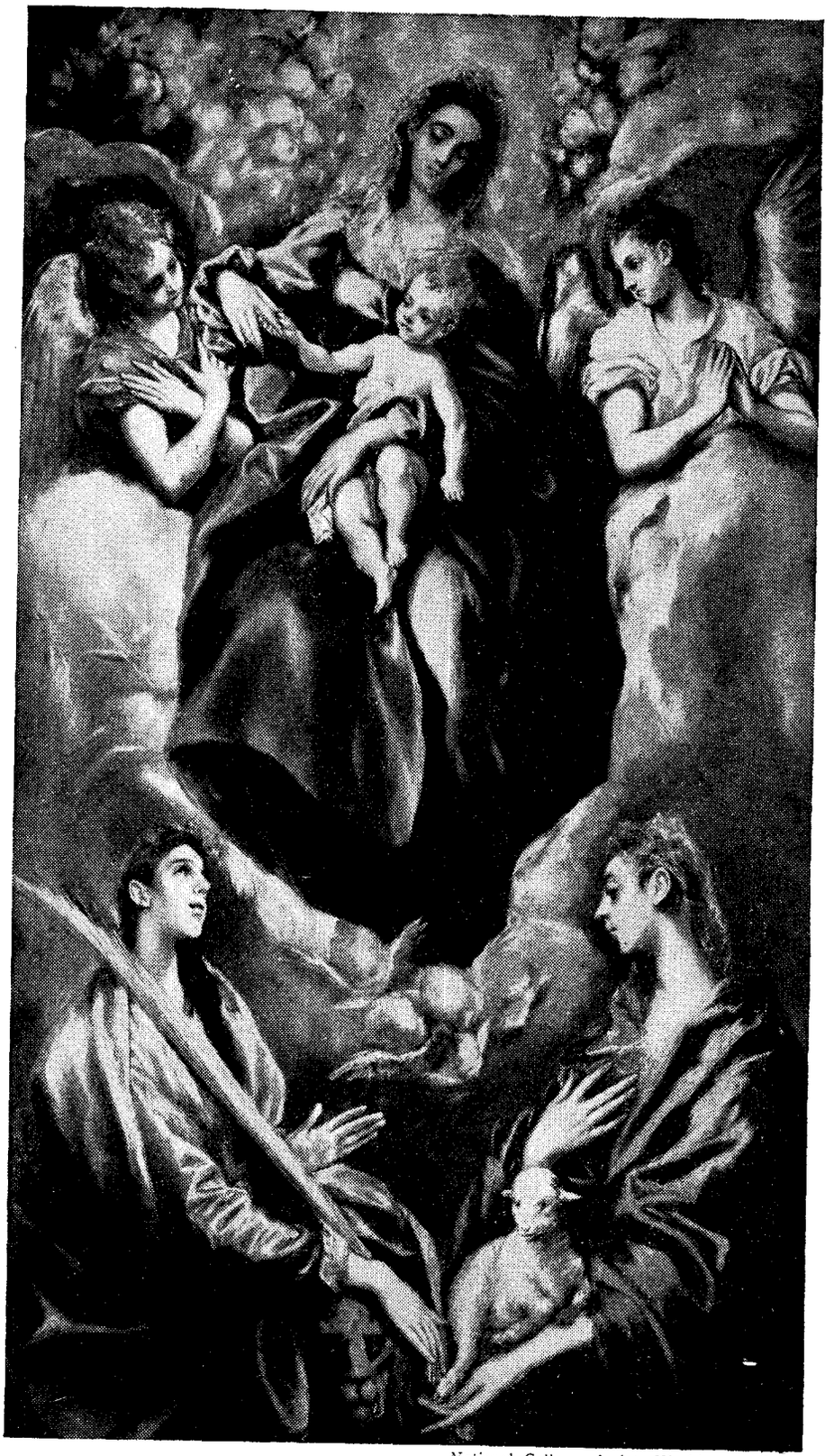
seems wise and safe. Whatever unfavorable connotations may accompany the term "popular painter" I cannot see how they apply here. Shakespeare is no less "popular" than any of the three masters. An important work of art has many levels of meaning; time invariably reveals a universal significance to the most innocent observer.

The texts are surprisingly good. We have been conditioned to expect very little from art critics due to their overindulgent sense of "social responsibility"; their desire to communicate with the most uninformed layman has restricted too much criticism to historical documentation and biography. This has kept most of us uninformed about the art of painting and has created a grotesque and distorted image of the artist's milieu. Criticism should deal with the formal elements of painting; it should try to give us the equipment to exercise taste and to make judgments, for the full enjoyment of painting is the task of an adult mind. The authors of the texts in each of these books are remarkably conscientious in performing this service for the reader. The introduction to the Van Gogh volume by Meyer Schapiro is a brilliant critique dealing with the concrete tissues of the Dutchman's paint—reaffirming my conviction that art criticism can equal the stature of contemporary literary criticism. Leo Bronstein's introduction to El Greco is scholarly and presents a studious analysis of the traditional influences evident in the master's work. Unfortunately it is spliced with an historian's perverse delight in speculation concerning the enigmatic state of the artist's mind, spirit, and environment. Walter Pach's introduction to Renoir is well-written but conventional, the usual short history of the life and travels, with quotes and anecdotes. I have a feeling that I would have learned more about Renoir's work if the author hadn't been personally acquainted with the man. Mr. Pach charmingly and lightly entertains us, like a good host leading up to the main event, but we come to the paintings rather empty-handed. This would be fine if the text accompanying each painting contained more nourishment.

Although one hesitates to find fault with these unsurpassed volumes, it is necessary to temper our initial enthusiasm. A brilliantly conceived and produced art book can never be more than a kind of esthetic catalyst: it prepares us for the original paintings. In addition there are certain inherent obstacles that we cannot overcome in color reproduction. For example, the Renoir reproductions are the most satisfactory, for they retain far more of the surface quality because they are comparatively small or easel-size in the original; whereas the greater proportions of the El Grecos (still beautifully done) lose some of their painterly texture when reduced. For instance, the reproduction of the "Burial of Count Orgaz" is a fuzzy engraving at best. Similarly, the Van Gogh prints are not equal to the Renoirs, for the intensity of Van Gogh's paint and its thick, three-dimensional application is lost, confused, or overdone on the enamel Kromcote color plates (*e.g.*, "Mother Roulin and Her Baby"); while the thin, modulated color washes of Renoir are more perfectly suited for accurate reproduction.

The three volumes represent a significant and concrete step toward a virtual "museum without walls." May we have many additions of equal merit.



—*National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.*

"Virgin with Santa Ines and Santa Tecla," by El Greco.

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A Well-Trained Scot

JOHN SMIBERT, PAINTER. By Henry Wilder Foote. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 292 pp. Illustrated. $6.

By JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

HENRY WILDER FOOTE'S excellent monograph is the first book on John Smibert (1688-1751) to be published, although the painter's important role in the development of early American art has been recognized since the first histories of the subject were written more than a century ago. A well-trained Scotsman who had studied on the Continent, possessor of a considerable reputation in London, Smibert was when he landed in Newport during 1729 the most technically proficient artist ever seen on these shores. The once commonly accepted conception that for all practical purposes American art began with his arrival has been made untenable by modern scholarship, which has carried our painting back another two generations, yet Smibert remains a key figure in the evolution of New England art. By clearing up many confusions about the man and his work Mr. Foote has made an important contribution to our understanding of our cultural heritage.

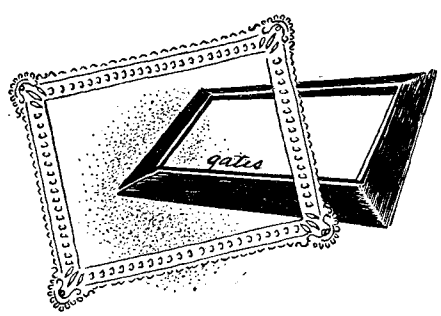
Scholarly works of this nature rely on two quite different types of source material: written documents and painted pictures. The documents tell of the artist's life and make it possible to be absolutely certain that he was the author of certain key pictures. Stylistic analysis of these pictures then gives the scholar an understanding of the artist's style which is used to attribute to him further undocumented pictures until there is built up a body of work on which esthetic judgments can be made. Most historians of art are more accomplished at handling one type of source material than the other, and to this general rule Mr. Foote, as he himself admits, is no exception. He writes, "My approach to the subject is that of the biographer and historian rather than that of the technical expert in painting, which I make no claim to be."

Although it is possible to disagree with some of his interpretations of recorded data, that Mr. Foote is an accomplished documentarian is clear on every page. To dig up facts about so early a painter is an extremely arduous task; Mr. Foote has placed before us material which testifies to indefatigable and imaginative searching of old records. He has added to what we already know about Smibert innumerable little touches which bring into focus an interesting character and career. Thus the information that Smibert was one of the seventeen worshipers who seceded from the old and conservative churches in Boston to found the West Church reveals that this eighteenth-century artist was a liberal.

Mr. Foote has been less concerned with critical comments on Smibert's art, although some are included, than with trying to establish on a factual basis exactly what pictures he actually painted. Smibert's true output has been obscured by two categories of misattributions. On the one hand there are authentic pictures by his Colonial colleagues which were called Smiberts when he was the only painter of the period whose name was known. On the other hand there are English provincial paintings which were imported in the early twentieth century signed with Smibert's name and sold to collectors who had more cash than judgment. Mr. Foote has disposed of the fakes—we hope once and for all—but in this reviewer's opinion he has not always been successful in disentangling Smibert's pictures from other examples of early American art. It is unfortunate that his catalogue headed "Extant Portraits by John Smibert" contains such doubtful attributions as the portraits of Samuel Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Minot, Jr., the Flagg children, David Cheseborough, and Joshua Gee.

This is not a serious criticism however, since Mr. Foote's hits are so much more numerous than his misses, and in his discussions of the questionable pictures he often places at the reader's disposal information that argues against his own conclusions. Indeed his *catalogue raisonné* is to be greatly admired for its factual content, its copious citing of sources, and its frank discussions of the issues involved. Other writers on American art, some of whom are inclined to announce their opinions on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, might well borrow a leaf from Mr. Foote's excellent book.

James Thomas Flexner has written widely on early American art. His works include "America's Old Masters," "John Singleton Copley," and "A Short History of American Painting," his most recent book.



Art Book Notes

PORTRAIT PAINTERS. By Allan Gwynne-Jones. British Book Centre. $7.50. Can a portrait be "good" and yet not a very good likeness? Allan Gwynne-Jones answers in the affirmative but also hastens to add that it is his belief that all really great portraits are in fact astounding likenesses. The great artist does not strive for a likeness, but he cannot avoid it.

Whether they produced "good likenesses" or not we are deeply indebted to the portraitists of all ages for their gift of delineation and insight into the human personality, which has added immeasurably to the richness of life and to our store of knowledge regarding our forebears, great and small. We are indebted, too, to Mr. Gwynne-Jones, himself an English portraitist and teacher (at the Slade School), for this expertly assembled volume, which traces the development of portraiture from Greco-Roman to the end of the nineteenth century, with a section devoted to a sampling of works produced in English during recent years.

In addition to the vital statistics concerning each of the 163 black-and-white reproductions the author gives his own artistic evaluation and comments which though frequently partial are also shrewd and highly informed.

—HAL MCINTOSH.

ART NEWS ANNUAL. Distributed for The Art Foundation, Inc., by Simon & Schuster. $2.50. Goya, Toulouse-Lautrec, abstract art, and art in silks are the chief features of the 1950 issue of what is now an American art institution. A chapter from André Malraux's forthcoming book on Goya offers a fresh and incisive view of an old theme. Toulouse-Lautrec is presented through a profusion of reproductions, a memoir of the man by one of his few surviving friends, Tadee Natanson, and a critique of the painter by Alfred Frankfurter, editor of the *Art News*. Introduction to Abstract, by Thomas Hess, another *Art News* staff member, is just what the name implies; a lucid explanation for the layman, written in what borders on textbook style. Almost a textbook in itself is John Phillips's essay on Art in Silks. Mr. Phillips, curator of Renaissance art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, outlines the role of silk as a medium of artistic expression from its arrival in Europe in the Middle Ages to 1950. These features are fortified by forty-two color plates and innumerable black-and-white illustrations, a news treatment of the year's developments in art, and many handsome pages of advertising.

—L. R. SANDER.

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Giant of Bibliographers

JACK HARRISON POLLACK

RECENTLY at a New York dinner party a woman asked the man on her right: "What kind of work do you do?"

Reaching into his pocket he handed her a card which read, "Howard Haycraft, Vice President, The H. W. Wilson Company, Publishers of Bibliography."

The woman looked at the card, puzzled. "Oh, so you publish Bibles."

Though she mistook the meaning of bibliography the woman wasn't too far wrong. The H. W. Wilson Company is a lone giant in its field, and its publications are "Bibles" to millions of people on six continents. For a half-century this bizarre firm, now the world's largest reference publisher, has analyzed, classified, and indexed the contents of virtually all books and magazines in the English language —printing its findings in twenty-seven reference guides.

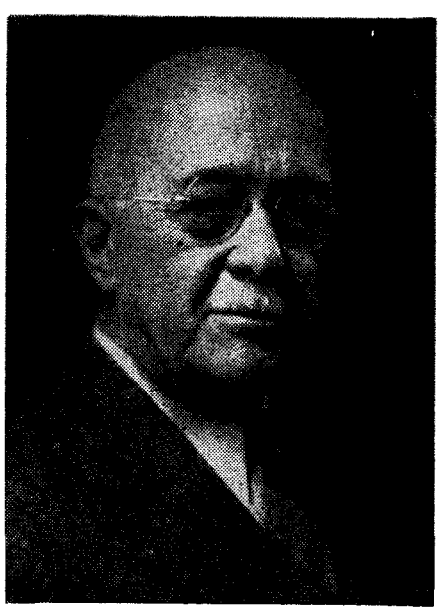
Ever had to look up anything? Then you probably know that the name H. W. Wilson is to bibliography what Webster is to dictionaries, Bartlett to quotations. Headquartered between the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds, it is the Babe Ruth of bibliography, quietly slugging research homers. You may never have cheered it but some time in your life you probably should have because H. W. Wilson has been a friend and time-saver to readers for fifty-two years.

Your first contact with this unique company was probably in your high-school library through its most popular publication—the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*. Three generations of school children have used it to find material. Experts also would be lost without Wilson tools. A motion-picture company executive admits: "We use the *Cumulative Book Index* and *International Index* every day to locate material for our films." In a small New Jersey town an old college professor who pores over the *Industrial Arts Index* leaves the public library every day murmuring, "God bless the Wilson Company."

Founder Wilson, a short, bald, modest, round-faced man, built a hundred-dollar investment into the only big bibliography business that ever paid its own way. Each year 30,000 books, 15,000 magazines, and 10,000 pamphlets are mailed to his index factory to be third-degreed for listing in Wilson publications—which are then rushed to waiting subscribers throughout the earth. Atop Wilson's ancient, paper-crammed roll-top desk stands an unbaited ten-cent mousetrap—a daily reminder to make better indexes.

Wilson's library, business, and individual customers have beaten a path to his door from sixty-four foreign countries. Once when the African King of Uganda was slow in paying his bill Wilson addressed a dunning letter to him beginning, "Dear King." Britain's House of Commons is a subscriber. So are almost one hundred Russian institutions.

For an index to be useful to you in your local library Wilson realizes that it must be speedy—and accurate. That's why subject headings are one of his knottiest problems. For example, should a man like Henry Wallace be listed as a "statesman" (too flattering) or "politician" (too insulting)? Should a new disease be called "contagious," "infectious," or "communicable"?



H. W. Wilson—"boundless faith."

Democratically, Wilson's subscribers vote on what should be included in his indexes. What's more, they pay cooperatively, in proportion to the use they make of them. Large libraries must pay more for them than smaller ones. To orthodox business critics of this "service basis of cost" Wilson blandly explains: "It's like your electricity. The current is there. You pay for what you use."

WHENEVER a customer loses his publications through fire or other misfortune Wilson replaces them free. During World War II when Government agency orders jumped his profits he passed on a ten-per-cent rebate to all his customers. When the British pound was devalued in 1949 Wilson gave a twenty-per-cent reduction to all sterling area subscribers.

Yet, thanks to a conservative policy of moderate profits, the company has never failed to pay a dividend—usually around eight per cent. It hasn't used a salesman in thirty-two years. A brief announcement of H. W. Wilson publications is enough.

This inspiring story of one man's courage, vision, and faith all began on May 12, 1868, in Vermont, where Halsey William Wilson was born. He was an only child, and tuberculosis claimed both of his parents before he was three. Grandparents in Massachusetts and later an aunt on an Iowa farm raised him. As a boy Halsey sold magazine subscriptions and tended twenty cows. At seventeen he entered the University of Minnesota, where he supported himself with a

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morning newspaper route on which he walked seven miles daily. Later he took another job as caretaker of a Congregational church. For twenty-five dollars he bought a press from the pastor's son and began printing the church programs.

Because the only bookstore in the area was several shelves of a drugstore, Wilson and his roommate started one to sell textbooks to students and faculty. Their bedroom was their first store. Wilson bought out his partner later. Through wise management the venture within a few years became the leading bookstore in Minneapolis.

But one thing troubled conscientious Halsey Wilson. When customers would ask for a book they might know the author's name or its title or publisher but seldom all three. Like every other bookseller in America, he would have to search through a pile of publishers' catalogues. Young Wilson reasoned: "Why can't we have a cumulative book index which could be kept up to date by combining new entries with old ones in each monthly issue?"

Many older heads warned that such a venture was risky because of high costs and limited sales. Nevertheless the aspiring bookseller decided to make a start at it. Working Sundays and evenings Wilson did his own compiling, copymaking, proofreading, and mailing. Luckily, he was aided by his bride, Justina Leavitt, a student he had met in his bookstore.

In February 1898 Wilson delivered the first issue to the post office by streetcar. At a $500 printing cost he published 500 copies, hoping to find 500 subscribers who would pay one dollar a year for the much-needed service. "That first year," muses Wilson, "we had wonderful encouragement but only 300 subscriptions and a rapidly growing deficit."

But Halsey Wilson had boundless faith. In his second year in the index business he got out a sorely needed sister publication—a combined list of all the books then in print in the United States. He called it the *U.S. Catalog*, because the simplified spelling would cut printing costs.

Undismayed that his bookstore still had to support his struggling index business, Wilson enthusiastically planned still other projects. He wasn't daunted by losing money on all his publications for years, because he had faith that his better mousetrap would in time be recognized.

To house both his bookstore and publishing enterprises in 1900 Wilson built a two-story building across from the University of Minnesota campus.

IT TOOK courage to launch *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* in 1901. Magazines then had little reference value. Librarians had great difficulty locating articles and were harassed with the problem of whether to keep, store, and bind old magazines. Without an up-to-date periodical index back magazines were, as Oliver Wendell Holmes said, a "lock without a key."

Authors are both awed and exasperated by the *Reader's Guide* methods. To be indexed for posterity is an intoxicating prospect to the average writer's ego. Recently a poet contributing to *The Saturday Review of Literature* had his name misspelled. Frantic, his first act was to phone the Wilson Company and plead: "When you index my poem be sure and spell my name right in *Reader's Guide*."

Because magazines have their greatest reference value right after publication *Reader's Guide* subscribers are now rushed paper-bound indexes every two weeks and some day may get them weekly. They also receive monthly, quarterly, and cloth-bound annual and two-year volumes.

Wilson's indexes proved so useful that librarians began to demand more of them, including the *Agricultural Index, Art Index, Education Index, Children's Catalog, Fiction Catalog,* and *Index to Legal Periodicals.* In 1913 Wilson's mushrooming bibliography business reached a turning point—creeping out of the red. Wilson then decided that he needed to be nearer to Eastern publishing centers to save time in mailing.

Before leaving, though, he gave some off-the-cuff advice to a shy young man named De Witt Wallace, which later had a profound effect. A salesman for the Webb textbook publishing company in St. Paul, Wallace called on indexer Wilson and confided his dream of starting a magazine called *The Reader's Digest.* Impressed by the young man's courage, vision, and faith —which oddly resembled his own— Wilson gave him many production pointers and enthusiastically encouraged him when others scoffed. Not long ago Wallace reportedly told a friend, "Halsey Wilson is the real godfather of *The Reader's Digest.*" Two years ago when praising Wilson for making possible an "orderly literary scene" Wallace paraphrased Voltaire, "Were there no H. W. Wilson Company, it would be necessary to invent one."

With much sadness Wilson sold his beloved bookstore in 1913 and moved fourteen carloads of equipment to a new index plant in White Plains, New York, near New York City. Miraculously, presses, files, books, and everything else were transported without missing a deadline. Many indexers came along. But even these quarters proved too small, and another move was made in 1917 to the present uptown New York City location facing the Harlem River.

Today the Wilson Company is easily distinguishable along the New York skyline by its trademark atop its center building—a thirty-foot lighthouse perched on a huge bronze book. It symbolizes how the company "lights the way" through the dark maze of books and magazines.

Almost half of the company's near two-million annual volume goes for the salaries of its 375 devoted and contented employees. Ninety-nine per cent of the common stock is owned among present or former employees. Seventy per cent of the employees are women. Almost a third of the employees have been with H. W. Wilson for ten or more years; almost a fourth for twenty years. The oldest employee, sharp-witted eighty-one-year-old editor Marion E. Potter, has been there over fifty years.

Like Supreme Court decisions rulings usually follow the popular will. Wilson editors keep up with the times. "Wireless telephone" was replaced by

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"radio," and the television mishmash is now complicating indexers' placid lives. Changes are never made whimsically. Sometimes a "reasoned guess" is made. Several years ago when dichlorodiphenyltrichloroethane first appeared, instead of indexing that medical mouthful Wilson settled on DDT.

Though essentially a sober man Wilson has a pronounced playful streak. When his solemn eyes twinkle it usually means he is about to tell a corny joke. Under a pseudonym he has edited three Joe Miller-like joke books, which he cheerfully gives to doubtfully grateful employees when they are sick.

Despite his over fourscore years he still works a full day. At 8:30 A.M. he walks in his high black shoes from his small nearby hotel to his word workshop, where he often remains until 7:00 P. M. He has no private secretary, and his "office" is an unpretentious fourth-floor corner blocked off by tall bookcases. Lunch for him usually consists of soup and three different kinds of desserts in his company cafeteria on the top floor. Visitors from all over the world are taken to a simple lunch "on the house."

Some day he plans to publish a *World Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature,* which would index magazines in all countries, in all languages. Many—including his associates—consider this a pipe dream. But Halsey Wilson's pipe dreams of yesterday are the realities of today.

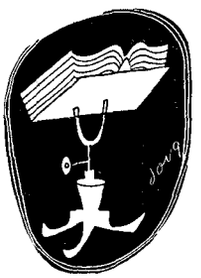
To help libraries Wilson goes out of his way even when he has nothing personally to gain. Several years ago he earned the gratitude of the library profession by goading the Library of Congress into publishing its catalogue cards in cumulative book form. "If it hadn't been for Mr. Wilson's persistence," admits Luther H. Evans, Librarian of Congress, "we wouldn't have acted as soon as we did."

As University of Minnesota librarian Errett Weir McDiarmid states: "Wilson has played a vital but unspectacular part in nearly every scholarly activity of the past half-century." Journalist John Lawler in a recent study concludes that Wilson "by making research possible under the pressure of deadlines" has helped improve journalism and contemporary history writing as well as encouraged new experiments in science, education, agriculture, art, industry, law, and government.

Halsey Wilson's extraordinary business acumen would have made him a success in any field he chose. Had he started, say, as a railroad clerk he would have wound up owning the railroad. Luckily for literary America he started in a bookstore.

To Be Truly Informed

LOUIS SHORES



WHEN the book agent on your front porch displays his variegated prospectuses of a new wonder book that will answer all of the family's questions at the painless cost of a dollar down and a dollar a week, what do you do?

Do you shout a suspicion-roused "no" and slam the door? Or do you invite him in and end up by signing a contract which you may have increasing reason to regret?

Somewhere between these extremes there is a reasonable consumer approach. Despite the occasional falsification and misrepresentation experienced by householders with book agents, in an increasing majority of cases the door-to-door book salesman represents old and established publishing firms whose products in many instances are as vital to the home as refrigerators and dishpans. These firms are known as subscription book publishers and they specialize in the production of reference books for the home, business, and the library.

Subscription book publishers sell directly to the consumer through their agents who call on you at your home. These publishers sell reference books, including Bibles, encyclopedias, dictionaries, atlases, collections of children's literature, various handbooks, and manuals dealing with household and vocational problems. Often a subscription book publisher will team up with a tradebook publisher to produce a good reference book that will be sold in the bookstore, through the mails, and in the individual home.

What the consumer needs to know is how can he tell when the book agent on his doorstep has a good product and is representing a reputable publisher. That question is important because questionable products sponsored by illegitimate firms are still being peddled house-to-house and many a householder has lived to regret an ill-considered commitment.

If there is a professionally trained librarian in your community you should seek advice from him. But first be sure you are consulting a trained librarian and not the clerk who stamps the books you borrow from your public library. The librarian, if he doesn't know the publisher or product, will consult certain sources.

If the reference book has not been reviewed by *Subscription Books Bulletin*, for instance, for some reason the librarian will undertake to evaluate the work himself, using criteria that he learned in library school, which can be found in a volume such as this writer's "Basic Reference Books." These criteria include scope, authority, arrangement, treatment, format, and special features. Under authority, for example, the reputation and previous publications of the publisher come in for scrutiny.

AFTER the close of World War II six of the strongest suscription book publishers organized themselves as a Reference Division of the American Institute of Textbook Publishers. These six publishers and their principal encyclopedias are: Encyclopedia Britannica, Inc., Chicago — Encyclopedia Britannica; P. F. Collier and Sons, Inc., New York—Collier's Encyclopedia; F. E. Compton and Co., Chicago—Compton's Picture Encyclopedia; Grolier Society, New York—Encyclopedia Americana; Field Enterprises, Inc., Chicago—World Book Encyclopedia; and United Educators, Chicago—American Educator.

Each of these publishers also has issued other works, and any book bearing the imprint of any of these firms is at least worthy of the householder's consideration. This group of publishers, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Subscription Books Committee of the American Library Association have been actively developing a code of fair pratices for the protection of the book consumer.

From these subscription book publishers as well as from trade and textbook publishers come reference books essential in every American home.

What then is the essential American Home Reference Library? The actual titles will probably not be the same for any two households. But there are certain classes of reference books that are almost indispensable. I suggest that the following fifteen classes would form an adequate basic collection for most American families:

1. THE BIBLE. There are many versions and editions. Selection will be based on church membership and the advice of your pastor.

2. ADULT ENCYCLOPEDIA. Leading American examples are "Americana," "Britannica," "Collier's," for multi-volume sets: "Columbia, "Lincoln

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Library of Essential Information," for one-volume works.

3. CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Leading American examples are "American Educator," "Britannica Junior," "Compton's Pictured," "World Book." One not arranged alphabetically is "Book of Knowledge."

4. ADULT DICTIONARY. Leading American unabridged examples are "Webster's New International," "Funk and Wagnalls New Standard"; leading American abridged (over 100,000 words) are "American College," "Funk and Wagnalls College Standard," "Webster's New Collegiate," "Winston's."

5. CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S DICTIONARY. For high school age: "Thorndike-Century Senior" or "Webster Students"; intermediate grades: "Thorndike-Century Junior" or "Webster Elementary"; very young children: "Golden" or "Rainbow."

6. FIRST AID. Standard is the "American Red Cross Manual," although there are others.

7. INFANT CARE. The U.S. Govternment Printing Office has delivered *over six million copies* at twenty-five cents each of its publications under that title.

8. HOUSEHOLD. For repairs, improvement, decorations around the house there are many manuals. One of the best is "Woman's Home Companion Household Book."

9. COOKBOOK. Leading American examples include "Boston Cooking School," Givens's "Encyclopedia of Cooking," "Settlement Cook Book," and "Woman's Home Companion Cook Book."

10. ETIQUETTE. Emily Post is almost a synonym, but there are an increasing number of other good books and one or two especially for teen-agers.

11. GARDEN. Numerous good ones are available. Some examples are E. L. Seymour's "New Garden Encyclopedia," Norman Taylor's "Encyclopedia of Gardening," John Wister's "Woman's Home Companion Garden Book."

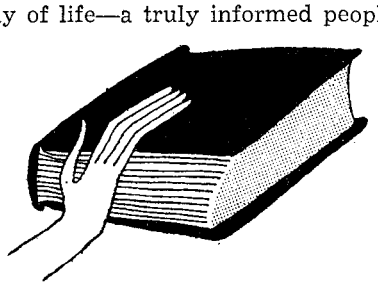
12. ATLAS. Leading American examples are "Rand McNally Cosmopolitan," "Hammond Library World," "Hammond Complete World"; the leading British example is "Bartholomew Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography."

13. YEARBOOK. To keep up with the world during the past year any one of these yearbooks will prove highly informative and entertaining: "American Annual," "Britannica Book of the Year," "Collier's Yearbook," "New International Yearbook."

14. ALMANAC. For quick facts and statistics to settle that family argument: "Information Please Almanac" or "World Almanac."

15. NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. Every American household already subscribes to several but a balanced diet provides at least one good daily newspaper, and one weekly and one monthly magazine of interest to every member of the family, which may include a news, book review, literary, pictorial, woman's, man's, child's and hobby interest magazine as required.

With these fifteen reference basics regularly represented and kept up-to-date in the American home we can count on one more bulwark in our way of life—a truly informed people.



Encyclopedia

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA. Second Edition. Edited by William Bridgewater and Elizabeth J. Sherwood. New York: Columbia University Press. 2203 *pp.* $25.

By Louis Shores

THE LATE Clarke Fisher Ansley, father of the idea for a one-volume Columbia encyclopedia, was generous enough to acknowledge indebtedness to this reviewer's criteria for evaluating encyclopedias. These criteria were five: scope, authority, arrangement, treatment, and format. In terms of the five this second edition of the "Columbia Encyclopedia" is here evaluated.

According to the publisher, there are 1,000,000 more words, 10,000 more entries, 300 more pages in the 1950 than in the original 1935 edition. The expansion provides for new developments in science, history, and social science. There are augmented articles in music and literature, many new biographies, innumerable recent allusions created by World War II.

Recency can be established by the article on Korea, which ends about mid-1949 or a year before the beginning of the present episode. (Census figures are not 1950 but that is understandable because even now they are not complete.) Sampling reveals a reasonable representation of current science—atomicology, sulfa drugs, radar, jet, the hydrogen bomb.

Nor is much lacking in retrospect. Among the 70,000 entries there is truly a collection of facts so essential that it is doubtful any very significant portion of the questions asked by curious Americans would go unanswered.

The editors have themselves indicated the limitations of subject choice. "The Columbia Encyclopedia" complements the dictionary and atlas. There are, consequently, no maps in the "Columbia." "If space that could be given to an item in the 'Encyclopedia' would allow no more than the sort of definition that appears in a good dictionary that item is omitted." Within these limitations the book has fulfilled the objectives of a good one-volume work.

There were some frustrations. No entry is found for World Series, though there was a listing of the winners from 1903-1948 under the article on baseball. Information on the modern subjects of photo-intelligence, trimetrogon, air navigation, flying saucers, and Edgar Bergen was extremely unsatisfying. There is no dianetics entry and possibly there shouldn't be. The same goes for Hadacol and for Lydia C. Pinkham.

The library criterion of treatment covers balance, bias, style. Anyone who has ever had anything to do with planning an encyclopedia knows something about these three headaches. Which U. S. President for example shall be given the longest article? "Columbia" gives George Washington three and one-third columns, Lincoln two and one-half, Jefferson two, FDR two and one-half. For a fuller concept of the problem of balance this is what the "Columbia" editors decided about some other notables: Shakespeare has two columns of 107 lines each and so has Teddy Roosevelt; Joe Louis has thirty-one lines, Jack Dempsey sixteen, Gene Tunney twenty-seven, Babe Ruth fifty six, and Knute Rockne twenty-nine.

High objectivity has been achieved in controversial subjects. The article on the New Deal neither bursts blood vessels nor shouts hosannas; it is a chronology of events. Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant advisers have contributed to the religious articles.

The art of compression would do credit to a metropolitan daily's copy desk. All of the extra words have been squeezed out. But I wonder if the slot man wouldn't do something to break the solid appearance of the longer articles with sub-heads that could be incorporated in the text. The arrangement is alphabetical with two kinds of cross references. "Dummy" or "see" references appear in alphabetic place and refer the reader from the subject under which he looked to the heading under which the topic is treated.

The authority behind "The Columbia Encyclopedia" is a little less definitely established than in most standard encyclopedias. Coyly the preface states: "The book is in no sense an official or an unofficial publication of Columbia Universty. Yet it is deeply indebted to Columbia University and to members of its teaching staff." Many of the latter reviewed and read articles. There is a list of advisers and consultants.

In the libraries of the world "The Columbia Encyclopedia" is established as a basic reference book. This second edition has strengthened that position and added inducements for home purchase. If this reviewer may borrow a phrase used in the library profession he would like to use these words to say under his own name—"Recommended for library and home."

Atlases

HAMMOND LIBRARY WORLD ATLAS. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. 312 *pp.* $5.

THIS is a large, king-size atlas for the stand or table but too large for the home bookshelf. That means large

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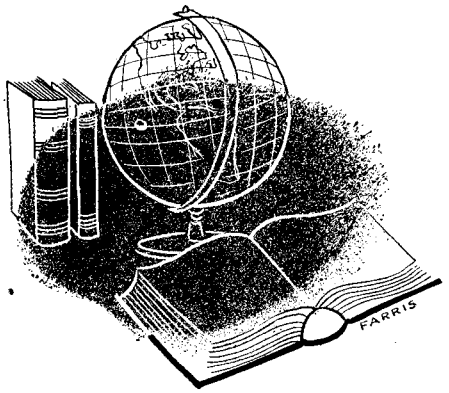

maps on which it is much easier to find places.

A rapid thumb-through reveals the following organization. There is a gazetteer index of the world, which consists of an alphabetical list of the grand divisions—countries, states, colonial possessions—for all of which are included area, population, capital or chief towns, and an index reference to the map on which these various places are shown on the largest possible scale. Next there is an index of the principal cities of the world. For each of these is given the population and the reference to the map on which this city can be found.

Then comes the major part of the atlas, the series of maps, beginning with the world in Mercator projections, the Pacific Ocean area, and the continents. There is a good full-sized map of the USSR, something that had been wanting in previous atlases until the "Rand-McNally Cosmopolitan Atlas" appeared last year. For the United States there are individual state maps.

Following the maps there are collections of data and illustrated gazetteers. Some of these data include an index of cities and towns of the United States with 1940 census. Other tables show airways, highways, and railroad maps of the United States.

The two illustrated gazetteers, one of the United States and one of the world, include at least one representative picture for every part of the world described and very brief descriptive notes. Following the gazetteer is a rather unusual section devoted to the races of mankind, with reproductions of sculpture by Malvina Hoffman and notes by Dr. Henry Field and Dr. W. D. Hambly, both of the Chicago Field Natural History Museum.

All of the features that have made Hammond production so good for so many years are found in the "Library World Atlas." Modernity, logical organization of materials, and rather good maps on the whole make it a very desirable home or library acquisition. Nevertheless there are certain features that might be reviewed by the publishers for the next issue. For example, the idea of referring the reader in the gazetteer index to the maps which will show the place best is an excellent idea but it is not consistently followed. Among the world maps, Greenland is shown in the distorted Mercator projection, which makes that island appear almost as large as the entire continent of North America. An equi-distance map it seems to this reviewer would be better at that point. The USSR map is excellent, but the table lists only divisions that have capital cities with a name that is different from the name of the division, leaving the seeker of information about Russia somewhat frustrated as he cannot find the other divisions very easily on the map.

A very thoughtful thing has been done wherever Korea appears anywhere on the maps—indicating clearly the 38th parallel. The map of India however needs some attention, as Pakistan is not sufficiently defined. Most of the state maps are excellent. The only ones that seem a little bit less than that are those of the mountain states, such as California and Colorado, where the coloring tends to reduce the legibility of the legends. However, aside from these minor criticisms, in this reviewer's opinion "Hammond Library World Atlas" meets fully the modern and popular demand for world information.

HAMMOND'S COMPLETE WORLD ATLAS. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. 375 pp. $5.

IF YOU want an atlas that will fit on your bookshelves, this is the one to buy. It is six and three-quarters inches by nine and three-quarters inches, and within the limitations of that size the maps are clear, comprehensive, and modern. The cost of this volume is unusually reasonable. There is virtually the same information here as there is in the larger "Hammond's Library World Atlas," although of course the maps are much smaller in the former.

In succession the "Complete World Atlas" presents a gazetteer index of the world; a glossary of geographical terms; maps of the earth and solar system; tables of the oceans, seas, lakes, rivers, canals, and mountains; black-andwhite maps of climate, vegetation, religions, races, languages, accessibility, occupations, political associations, and resources. There are also astronomical maps preceding the main body of world maps.

There is a full collection of maps of the various divisions of the world. The map of the USSR is surprisingly good, considering the space into which it is compressed. Continents, countries, states, and regions all show up well and provide a remarkable amount of information in compact parcels.

There are two gazetteers, one of the United States and one of the world, exactly like these in the "Library World Atlas" but of course reduced. Other features are the indexes to cities and towns and the air-line distances and an unusual series of maps indicating the high spots of World War II.

The publishers have used offset printing effectively in both atlases, with especially good relative results in the smaller reduction. The book is strongly recommended for home or library bookshelf.

ADVANCED ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By John W. Bartholomew. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 108 maps, 47 pp. $8.50.

THERE is probably no name among cartographers that is more famous than that of Bartholomew. For years some of the finest maps known to man have come from the work of this famous British map-maker. The "Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography," issued in this country by McGraw-Hill, is the latest example of this fine map-making. The book is fifteen inches by ten inches and is therefore too large for the bookshelf but attractive for the table or desk.

The present edition has introduced a number of new features which will all probably be pleasing, even though at least one of them may involve some change in the habits of American map users. In the past the most frequent reference to a map in an atlas has been made by means of latitude and longitude or by means of key figures and letters. This new Bartholomew book introduces new geographical coordinates to locate places. The new plan is based upon a grid, which consists of squares created by the crossing of latitude and longitude lines. For the latter a series of letters is introduced, one for each hour of longitude starting from the Greenwich line. For the former latitude figures are retained, but a plus is used for north, a minus for south. The scheme is ingenious and has much to commend it —but atlas users will have to change their habits.

Other new features introduced are the oblique projections, which illustrate very well the new concept of world travel and strategy, population maps to replace the more conventional political maps of continents, place names spelled as they are spelled locally in each case, and a new type of layer coloring, which is certainly an improvement.

The collection of maps is truly an admirable one. There is a whole sec-

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tion which illustrates map projection and the most famous map projections known. Special maps of world airways, astronomical geography, and world exploration are excellent, but the series of world maps dealing with geology, structures, regions, temperature, oceanography, vegetation, soil, races, commerce routes, and polar regions is nothing short of inspiring.

Really creative planning has gone into the various regional maps. For a long time this reviewer has felt that maps which cut across the boundaries of countries and other political units were badly needed. The "Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography" includes many of these regional maps that relate directly to present world strategy. For example, in our own continent the Bartholomew atlas has included in addition to the various states and political groupings a map of the Great Lakes region showing both the Canadian and the American side, the Gulf of St. Lawrence region, and within the United States a map of the Southern states. The USSR map and the several supporting maps of its regions are commendable.

But the American atlas purchaser is still confronted with the choice of superior maps and British emphasis, or excellent maps and American emphasis. No purchaser who made the first choice would do his library a disservice. "The Advanced Atlas of Modern Geography" is a truly fine guide to modern geography.

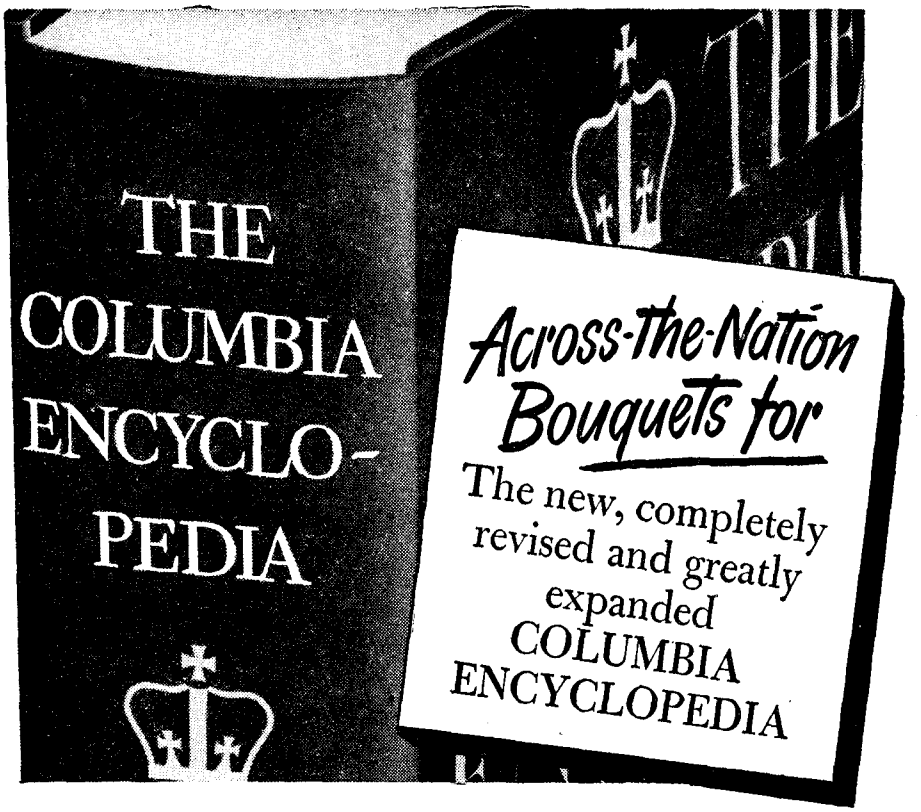
Miscellaneous

HOW-TO-DO-IT BOOKS: A Selective Guide. By Robert E. Kingery. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. $3.50.

EVERYONE with a hobby will want this book. There are 346 hobbies all told, with 2,350 books where you can find out about them. From the index you can select interests which include acrobatics, acting, airplane model-making, animal pets, authorship, babies, barbecue, chess, and to skip to the end of the alphabet, sports, stamp collecting, tango dancing, ulcers, and wrestling.

The book is truly a wonderful idea. It evolved from one of the most interesting jobs in New York City, which Robert Kingery, the author, once filled, as readers' adviser in the New York Public Library. He is now one of the administrative officers in that library, which daily serves more readers than any other in the world.

Following the index of subjects the books are listed alphabetically under the various topics, beginning with Afghans and ending with Yachts. For each topic there is listed a book and a brief annotation. As every household



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LOS ANGELES: "The best one-volume encyclopedia in English! . . . America's handiest and most authoritative desk tool."—L. A. TIMES

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has hobbyists every family will want this book. It is a basic for libraries in schools, communities, and homes.

HOW TO GET AND HOLD THE JOB YOU WANT. By Ruth Hooper Larson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 264 pp. $2.95.

THERE are ten consecutive steps to accomplish what is promised in the title of this book. Every one of them has been carefully taken again and again as part of the Job-Finding Forum of the Advertising Club of New York, of which this book is the official text. Its author has been a leading spirit, moderator and panel member in the movement that rated a *Readers' Digest* article in October 1939. The ten steps therefore represent a tried and proven procedure for the breadwinner to get a job or a better job and to hold on to it after he gets it.

For each step from your experience record through your adjustment to the new job there are simple, clear, and illustrated suggestions. Nearly every question you can think of is asked and answered because these questions and answers have been repeated so often in the forum. There are actual examples of letters of application, ten good opening paragraphs that have been used successfully, ten illustrative resumés, and a striking application prospectus. There is also help for starting your own job-finding forum.

AUTHOR'S GUIDE FOR PREPARING MANUSCRIPT AND HANDLING PROOF. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 80 pp. $2.

THIS book is a lineal descendent of a helpful work called "The Manuscript," first published in 1924. The present work has a twofold purpose: to guide the author in manuscript preparation and to inform him of publishing procedures. It is not only for the experienced author but also for the tyro in the commercial market and the graduate student in the academic. With only slight adaptation here and there it may well become a textbook for the thesis writers in our colleges and universities as well as for their more expert instructors.

Successive sections deal with preparing a manuscript for the publisher, readying illustrations, checking engraver's proofs, proofreading, completing production, formal publication and copyright, reprinting and new and revised editions, details of editorial style, and a glossary.

As an illustration of the simplicity and clarity of the instructions browsers are referred to the section on proofreading, the best compact treatment of this subject yet seen in print.

FAMOUS FIRST FACTS: A Record of First Happenings, Discoveries, and Inventions in the United States. By Joseph Nathan Kane. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 888 pp. $7.

THE FIRST automobile regularly made for sale was manufactured by the Duryea Motor Wagon Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1895. The first baseball game is attributed to Abner Doubleday in 1839. Staunton, Virginia, in 1908 was the first city to employ a city manager. On November 6, 1869, Rutgers defeated Princeton at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in the first football game. Benjamin Franklin's cartoon "Join or Die," which filled a space two and seven-eighths by two inches on page two of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, May 9, 1754, is the first newspaper cartoon.

These are examples of the famous first facts that fill this now famous book, the first edition of which appeared in 1933. It was followed by a second volume called "More Famous First Facts." The present edition includes the content of both of these former volumes plus many additional facts, all compiled from original letters, advertising literature, circulars, historical documents, and so on.

The facts are arranged alphabetically and there are four indexes. One is geographical, showing the cities in which the events occurred. Two other indexes are chronological, one by year and the other by days of the month. The fourth is a biographical index.

According to Kane the first year a first happened in the United States was 1007. In that year the first child of European parents was born on American soil. That child's name was Snorro, son of Thorfinn Karlsefni and Gudrid, widow of Leif Ericsson's brother Thorstein. The settlement was in Vineland, which may have been either Maine or Nova Scotia.

From these examples of firsts it is apparent what function this reference book can perform in the library of home or community. I daresay "Famous First Facts" will pay for itself in won wagers several times over besides contributing mightily to the quest for information that involves Americans from birth to death.

POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ATOMIC ENERGY. By Frank Gaynor. New York: Philosophical Library. 204 pp. $7.50.

IN THE author's words, this is "a sort of tourist's guide in the new and strange realm of the Atom." It aims to inform the "layman with a good average education" by presenting a fairly comprehensive collection of brief definitions and explanations of the terms and expressions.

Because of the rapid developments in atomic research no book can remain up to the minute very long. The author illustrates that effectively by pointing out that the number of known radioscopes increased from 332 in 1934 to around 700 at present. Nevertheless the basic concepts, names, and terms are here.

The arrangement is alphabetical by term or expression. Numerous tables, charts, and diagrams extend the text. For example, there is a table showing the radioactive tracers most widely used in medicine, a graph indicating the binding energy of atomic nuclei, and a diagram of the cyclotron.

PATTERSON'S AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY. Chicago: Field Enterprises. 1094 pp. $7.50.

SINCE 1904 "Patterson's" has been a standard reference source for information about public and private schools and colleges and universities. Recent acquisition of this directory by the Field Enterprises, publishers of the "World Book Encyclopedia" and of other reference works, assures adequate editorial and financial support for this useful book.

The 1950 edition is arranged in six sections. A geographical list includes state, county, and city superintendents of schools, high-school principals, and heads of various departments. Typical under any state is a list of the officials in the state department of education, members of the state board of education, executive secretary of the state teachers' association, and a list of the county superintendents.

The publishers indicate that over 30,000 questionnaires were mailed. Inevitably the accuracy will vary with the degree of attention given by each of the respondents. This reviewer suggests that there might be a better method to gather data of this nature.

Other sections include a classified list of colleges, universities, and professional schools. The value of such a list in any home where youngsters are interested in going to college is great and could be enhanced by more items of interest to students and parents.

There is a fairly comprehensive list of public libraries, an alphabetic index to schools, and a section devoted to educational associations and societies. The final section is an educational trade index and buyer's guide listing sources for everything from academic costumes to zoology charts.

Increasing editorial attention should make this an indispensable reference work for all kinds of libraries.

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HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS. By Alfred Stefferud. Illustrated by Sidney H. Horn. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 143 *pp.* $2.

THIS book began when the author's daughter, in the sixth grade at school, began to take regular walks in the country with her father. Together they developed a plan, which because it combines the knowledge of the informed with the eagerness of the willing pupil has been responsible for a well-organized reference book.

The first step is a definition of terms but not as in an ordinary dictionary. From this delightful glossary comes an appreciation of the parts that calyx, corolla, stamens, pistil, blade, stalk, stem, and root play in wild flower identification. With an understanding of these fundamentals comes an appreciation of shape, color, leaf shape, and other elements that contribute to recognition. There is also a good index.

Among the representative flowers identified by text and drawing are trilliums, arrow-herbs, cat-tails, dog flowers, bunch flowers, lilies, onions, iris, orchids, columbines, larkspurs, geranium, violet, strawberries, clovers, cactus, forget-me-not, sunflowers, thistle.

THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY: Half a Century of Bibliographic Publishing. By John Lawler. University of Minnesota Press. $3. Anyone coming into New York from High Bridge or San Francisco on the New York Central has seen the H. W. Wilson lighthouse: it is bounded by Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. The Wilson plant has been in The Bronx for thirty-three years. Why, then, does the University of Minnesota Press publish a book about the H. W. Wilson Company? Because Halsey William Wilson first went into the book business in 1889 in his dormitory room at the University of Minnesota. Eight years later he initiated his "Cumulative Book Index," to be followed in the succeeding half-century by a series of essential manuals with which every book consultant is familiar and which every bookseller and librarian lives by. Mr. Lawler quotes Oliver Wendell Holmes to good purpose: "No extended record of facts grows too old to be useful, provided only that we have a ready and sure way of getting at the particular fact or facts we are in search of." The H. W. Wilson Company provides that sure way. Mr. Lawler's narrative is more than a mere success story; it explains in detail Wilson operations and methods, and by example or inference offers valuable advice to anyone concerned in any type of research. A selective list of Wilson indexes and services and a chronological roster of general publications gives the uninitiate some conception of the tremendous scope of the company's activities. The lighthouse throws its beams far.

A Year's Harvest

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is a highly selective list of reference books published during 1950:

Dictionaries

AMERICAN PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF TROUBLESOME WORDS. By Frank O. Colby. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $4.50. Gives commonly mispronounced words and correct pronunciations.

COMPOUNDING AND HYPHENATION OF ENGLISH WORDS. By Alice Morton Ball. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $4. When and how to join two or more English words.

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN UNDERWORLD LINGO. New York: Twayne Publishers. $5. Plain English into lingo and vice versa, as compiled in a large American prison with the help of an advisory board of prisoners.

DICTIONARY OF THE UNDERWORLD. By Eric Partridge. New York: Macmillan Co. $9. Words used by *crooks, criminals,* racketeers, dealers in white-slave and drug traffic.

OPDYCKE LEXICON OF WORD SELECTION. By John Baker Opdycke. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $5. 12,000 English words especially for the speaker and writer, with impressed meanings.

DICTIONARY OF BASEBALL. By Parke Cummings. New York: A. S. Barnes. $1.50. Includes the official rules as well as such terms as "hit-and-run," "squeeze," "Texas Leaguer."

NEW DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN POLITICS. By E. C. Smith and A. J. Zurcher. New York: Barnes & Noble. $3.25. A revision of the standard reference book with 500 new terms, such as "Dixiecrat."

STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE, MYTHOLOGY AND LEGEND. Edited by Maria Leach. Vol. 2. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $7.50. This completes the set and includes from J to Z.

Encyclopedias: General

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Charles P. Barry and others. New York: P. F. Collier & Sons. 20 vols. $153. Reviewed in *SRL,* Sept. 23, 1950.

COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA in One Volume, Second edition. Edited by William Bridgewater and Elizabeth J. Sherwood. New York: Columbia University Press. $25. Reviewed in this issue.

LINCOLN LIBRARY OF ESSENTIAL INFORMATION. An up-to-date manual for daily reference. Buffalo, N. Y.: The Frontier Press Co. $19. Reviewed in *SRL,* Sept. 23, 1950.

Encyclopedias: Special

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MUSICAL MASTERPIECES. New York: Grossett & Dunlap. $2.98. Revised reprint of the six-dollar "Music for the Millions," including record section with L-P titles.

FISHERMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Ira N. Gabrielson and Francesca LaMonte. Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole & Heck. $12.50. Companion to the "Hunter's Encyclopedia." Authorative, illustrated, indispensable to the fisherman.

Atlases

ADVANCED ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By John W. Bartholomew. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 108 maps. $8.50. Reviewed in this issue.

CITY MAP ATLAS AND TRIP GUIDE. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. $1.50. Designed for the traveling businessman. Contains detailed maps of downtown areas in seventy-eight major cities, showing streets, hotels, public buildings, theatres, stores, terminals, airports, and the like.

DOLLAR ATLAS. Chicago: Rand McNally & Co.

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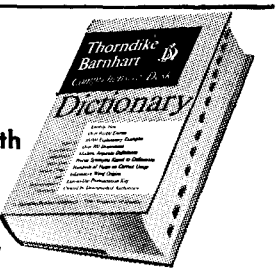

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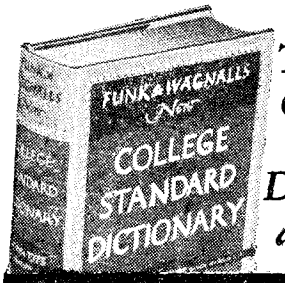

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In California: Equitable Bldg., Hollywood 28.

28 maps. $1. Foreign maps are same as those in more expensive "Cosmopolitan Atlas."

A GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE. By Jean Gottmann. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $6.75. Almost 200 photos and maps in this postwar reference guide.

HAMMOND'S COMPLETE WORLD ATLAS. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. $5. Reviewed in this issue.

HAMMOND'S LIBRARY WORLD ATLAS. New York: C. S. Hammond & Co. $5. Reviewed in this issue.

PERMA HANDY WORLD ATLAS. New York: Garden City Publishing Co. 131 maps. $1.98. Sixty-four of the maps are in color.

Yearbooks

THE DIPLOMATIC YEARBOOK. By the editors of the *United Nations World*. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. $20. Diplomatic list of the world includes 10,000 names, glossary of protocol.

INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC. Edited by John Kieran. New York: Macmillan Co. Paperbound. $1. 1950 edition of a book of facts.

STATESMAN'S YEARBOOK, 1950. Edited by S. H. Steinberg. New York: Macmillan Co. $6. The eighty-seventh annual issue of a standard reference book on the nations of the world.

THE WORLD ALMANAC AND BOOK OF FACTS. Edited by Harry Hansen. New York: The New York World-Telegram and Sun. Paperbound. $1. 1951 edition of a standard work.

YEAR: MID-CENTURY EDITION: 1900-1950. Los Angeles: Year Inc. $6.95. Events from 1900 to September 1950. Reviewed in *SRL*, Dec. 30, 1950.

Public Affairs

BASIC DATA OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMY. Third edition, 1950-1951. By W. N. Peach and Walter Kraus. Chicago: Richard D. Irwin. $3. Tables and charts about population, income, resources, finance, government, industry, agriculture, trade.

A BOOK ABOUT AMERICAN HISTORY. By George Stimpson. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50. Curiosities of our history in the style of the author's previous books of facts.

CONSTITUTIONS OF NATIONS. By Amos J. Peaslee. Clarksboro, N.J.: The author. 3 vols. $22.50. Texts, summaries, annotations, bibliographies, and comparative tables of the constitutions of all of the nations of the world.

SURVEYS, POLLS, AND SAMPLES: Practical Procedures. By Mildred Barton. New York: Harper & Bros. $6. A basic introduction to the techniques and interpretations.

TRAFFIC DICTIONARY. By George T. Stufflebean. New York: Simmons-Boardman. 292 pp. $3.50. Fourth edition of trade and transportation terms, phrases, and abbreviations.

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS. By Carl Scott. New York: Arco Publishing Co. 50c. Why, what, who, when, where of Federal Civil Service.

Biography

WHO'S WHO, 1950. New York: Macmillan Co. $12. The 102nd issue of the British annual of living notables.

WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA: A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women. Vol. 26, 1950-51. Chicago: A. W. Marquis Co. $14.10. Issued biennially since 1899. There are 9,615 new biographies among the 46,729 selected on the basis of official position or distinguished creative effort.

Bible

BASIC BIBLE: Containing the Old and New Testaments in Basic English. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5. In the 850 words augmented by about 150 more the full Bible is presented.

CLASSICAL AND BIBLICAL REFERENCE BOOK. By H. A. Treble. New York: Medill McBride. $2.25. Allusions and explanations.

THE DARTMOUTH BIBLE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $7.50. King James version with essay notes for historical background.

THE MOFFATT BIBLE CONCORDANCE: A Complete Concordance to the New Moffatt Translation. New York: Harper & Bros. $6. Key to countless significant lines on various subjects.

How-To-Do-It

AUTHOR'S GUIDE FOR PREPARING MANUSCRIPTS AND HANDLING PROOF. New York: John Wiley & Sons. $2. Reviewed in this issue.

DRIVER'S MANUAL: The Laws of the Forty-eight States. New York: Oceana Publications. Clothbound. $2. Paper. $1.

FLOWERS: A Guide to Familiar American Wildflowers. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.

GAMES THE WORLD AROUND. By Sarah Hunt and Ethel Cain. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. $3. Over 400 folk games, contests, relays, and stunts for the child, classified according to age level, country, strenuousness, intellectual appeal, and adaptability to playing area.

HOW-TO-DO-IT-BOOKS: A Selective Guide. By Robert E. Kingery. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. $3.50. Reviewed in this issue.

HOW TO GET AND HOLD THE JOB YOU WANT. By Ruth Hooper Larson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.95. Reviewed in this issue.

HOW TO KNOW THE WILD FLOWERS. By Alfred Stefferud. Illustrated by Sidney H. Horn. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2. Reviewed in this issue.

Miscellaneous

THE HOME BOOK OF QUOTATIONS: Classical and Modern. Selected and arranged by Burton Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $16. Sixth edition, revised and enlarged.

RECORDS: 1950 EDITION. By David Hall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 524 pp. $5. A comprehensive survey of the recorded literature including the latest developments in disc and tape. Reviewed in *SRL*, Aug. 26, 1950.

SELECTIVE RECORD GUIDE. By Moses Smith. New York: Macmillan Co. 300 pp. $5. Reviewed in *SRL*, April 29, 1950.

YOUR VOICE: APPLIED SCIENCE AND VOCAL ART. By Douglas Stanley. New York: Pitman Publishing Corp. $5. Techniques of speaking and singing to an audience.

THE COMPLETE OPERA BOOK: The stories of the opera, together with 400 of the leading airs and motives in musical notation. By Gustave Kobbé. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $6. A standard since the first edition in 1919.

FAMOUS FIRST FACTS: A record of first happenings, discoveries, and inventions in the United States. By Joseph Nathan Kane. New York: H. W. Wilson Co. 888 pp. $7. Reviewed in this issue.

PATTERSON'S AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY. Chicago: Field Enterprises. $7.50. Reviewed in this issue.

POCKET ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ATOMIC ENERGY. By Frank Gaynor. New York: Philosophical Library. $7.50. Reviewed in this issue.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE U.S.A. Edited by M. M. Chambers. Washington, D.C.: American Council on Education. $12. Designed as a companion volume to the Council's "American Universities and Colleges." Arranged alphabetically by countries and useful for those planning to study abroad.

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NEW EDITIONS

IF IT is at best a misdemeanor to read "escapist" literature during these tragic times then surely it is a felony to read "Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour," by Robert Smith Surtees. But it is also a great deal of fun if—as Lincoln remarked in another connection—you happen to like that sort of book. Escape it certainly provides, for one could hardly discover a world further removed from ours than the world in which a hundred years ago Soapey Sponge, with his matchless impudence and his two hack hunters, had his adventures and misadventures in the hunting field and finally lost his heart to the lovely Lucy Glitters. Mr. Sponge's England was prosperous, secure, smug, and endowed with boundless optimism; and it was a fine place in which to live, at least for those who rode horses. Mr. Sponge himself in truth was neither prosperous nor secure, but he was an irrepressible optimist and he had the knack of getting on. How he did get on—in the more or less hospitable company of such worthies as Mr. Waffles, Mr. Jawleyford, Lord Scamperdale, Jack Spraggon, Mr. Puffington, Jogglebury Crowdey, and Sir Harry Scattercash—is the story that Surtees tells; and it has long been a favorite with many readers. One can undoubtedly find more elegantly managed fox-hunting in other sporting novels but not more entertainment of the farcical variety. This is, of course, just about all the book has to give; but as Sir Thomas Browne said long ago one should not look "for whales in the Euxine Sea, or expect great matters where they are not to be found." Mr. Sponge's history is now available in the Folio Society edition ($3.95), illustrated by collotype reproductions of Leech's famous plates, imported from London by Philip Duschnes of New York City.

Other Folio Society volumes recently imported by Duschnes are an exceptionally attractive edition of Melville's "Typee" ($2.95), with an introduction by Robert Gibbings and delightful drawings by Jacques Boullaire, and a well-designed "Manon Lescaut" ($2.95)—Helen Waddell's admirable translation from the first edition of 1731—with spirited wood-engravings by Valentin Le Campion, an introductory note by Miss Waddell, and an essay on the novel and the operas by Edward Sackville-West. Duschnes has also published under his own imprint a beautiful variorum edition, limited to 500 copies, of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" ($7.50), edited with an introduction by Fannie Ratchford—interpreter of the amazing world created by the imaginations of the young Brontës — and with variant readings which have been transcribed by Deoch Fulton from three manuscript versions.

THE NEW edition of Chaim Weizmann's autobiography, "Trial and Error" ($10), published by Harper for the East and West Library, contains 185 illustrations selected and arranged by B. Horowitz; and these pictures fully confirm Turgeniev's dictum, quoted by Horowitz, that "one illustration may instantly present what a book can set forth only on a hundred pages." Dr. Weizmann's story is that of a dedicated man whose obsessive purpose carried him from a tiny Russian village to the Presidency of the newborn State of Israel. It is an absorbing, moving story. The character revealed is both strong and prickly, a character incapable of compromise. For Weizmann there was no substitute for Palestine, and he had only contempt for the Jews who, before Hitler, had come to think of themselves as good Germans. Indeed, in his vocabulary "assimilationist" is almost a nasty word. He must have made many foes along the way, but he reached the apparently unattainable goal at which he had aimed from youth.

Beatrice Webb's "My Apprenticeship" (Longmans, $4) tells the tale of her life from childhood until her meeting with Sidney Webb in 1892 when she was thirty-four. It pictures the society against which she revolted, takes note of the influences that molded her thinking, and traces the way by which she came to Socialism. An enduring monument to the union of the Webbs is their "History of Trade Unionism," first published in 1894 and now reprinted from the 1920 edition (Longmans, $5.50). Factual and dry, packed with statistics, this is a book for students rather than for casual readers; but it "shows the basis upon which the power of the present Labor Party has been built."

Macmillan has completed the reprinting of Dostoievsky's works in twelve volumes ($2 each).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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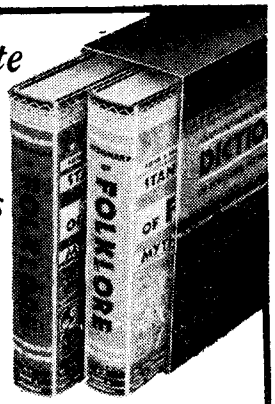

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tragedy multiplies itself quickly into catastrophe.

Miss West has not lost her eye for the beauties of nature nor her talent for describing them. In her novel all the seasons are alive. Nor is she any the less at ease in domestic atmosphere, which she so pleasantly created in "The Friendly Persuasion." The farm's kitchen is a delightful room at all times in that otherwise bleak dwelling. Moreover, in Em Conboy she has brought to life a character as memorable as Jess and Eliza Birdwell. But in the wide sweep of a full-length novel Miss West does not have the grace and ease that she has exhibited in her short stories; and in the darker regions of the soul she is not so much at home as she is where there is light. Indiana, which has memorialized Paul Dresser almost to the point of disowning his brother, Theodore Dreiser, needs a little Faulknerian dissonance, but Miss West is not equipped to strike that note.

Fiction Notes

ANGER AT INNOCENCE. By William Gardner Smith. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. In this maudlin and wordy melodrama of life on the sordid side streets of South Philadelphia you will meet as untidy a group of morons, masochists, sadists, schizophrenics, misfits, and outcasts as slink about the current fiction on the drugstore shelf. Mr. Smith would have his readers drop a tear over his assorted victims of poverty, prejudice, and predestination. Unfortunately, they are more likely to drop the book.

The reasons are not hard to find. The story is synthetic and poorly written. The characters are puppets whose introspective droolings are plainly ventriloquial. The dialogue when it isn't vapid or downright unbelievable is as full of postures as a teased monkey. As for social inequities and injustices, Mr. Smith's emphasis on the shaping effects of environment on character leaves little room, if any, for the moral responsibilities of the individual and far too much room for the rationalization of nihilism.

The story gets under way when Ted, a nightwatchman, catches a pickpocket working him over outside the plant he guards. The pickpocket turns out to be a wild, black-haired girl named Rodina. Ted, who reads poetry in his spare time and naively hopes some day to be a great writer himself, observes with amazement that Rodina

—From "The Witch Diggers."

is young and lets her go after she promises never to be naughty again.

Rodina, who tends a termagant-tongued, invalid mother, finds herself wandering back to the scene of her temporary redemption. It isn't long before Ted, bored by a wife who talks like a comic-book psychiatrist, decides to put an end to his tedious eighteen-year marriage. He then betakes himself for a life of deserved fulfillments in the same tenement with Rodina. Mr. Smith follows this strange liaison with developments that will surely surprise the rest of the country as they will astonish the inhabitants of South Philadelphia. Ted, ever intelligent and upright, carries on an incredibly whimpering correspondence with his sadistic wife the while he lives according to a code of Galahadian rectitude that would give Superman a nervous breakdown with the elemental Rodina. How it all works out is Mr. Smith's personal privilege, but it is not stealing any of his thunder to disclose that the peak of incongruity is not reached until the final page. —CHARLES LEE.

MONK IN ARMOR. By Gladys H. Barr. Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville. $3. This is a "fictionalized" biography of Martin Luther, telling about his life and thoughts from boyhood to the moment when his bride "precedes him up the stairway . . . and whispers, 'Carry me, Martin' [sic]." The remaining twenty years of the great man's life are not "covered." The author has the historical facts straight enough—or, to put it more correctly, she is quite deft in extricating from the welter of European sixteenth-century history, as she sees it, the elements contributing toward what is "dramatic" in Luther's story. Naturally, his citation to Rome and his appearance before Charles V at the Diet of Worms occupy favored places in her account. There is no sense in pointing out the oversimplifications Miss Barr presents. I suppose oversimplification is the very lifeblood of this sort of "historical" narrative. Her book is written from a frankly denominational point of view, and most effective for younger readers. —ROBERT PICK.

THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE. By Wallace Stegner. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75. The Wobblies are coming into their own. John Dos Passos in the "Forty-second Parallel" made his character Mac a member of the Industrial Workers of the World and directed his "Camera Eye" upon Big Bill Haywood. More recently Ralph Chaplin's "Wobbly" told the inside story of the great dramatic protest made by the migratory bindle-stiffs of the American jungle, waterfront, logging camp, and factory that was expressed in IWW. Wallace Stegner's "fact of the imagination" covers the life and death of Joe Hillstrom, IWW poet, songwriter, and organizer.

How much of Stegner's book is fact and how much fiction? The Wobblies, who have since become "a church of old men" (although they still claim 15,000 members) picketed the *New Republic* office when Stegner first suggested the possibility that Joe Hill might have been guilty of the alleged murder for which the State of Utah shot him. They will once again be on the march if they even deign to recognize this convincing analysis of their enigmatic hero. Stegner gives no list of authorities. The interested reader should consult Chapter Sixteen of Ralph Chaplin's "Wobbly" to find what few touching points with established fact Stegner's novel really has because so little is actually known of Joe Hill. Even Joe Hill's poetry is schizophrenic—some is outright doggerel but some, such as his "Last Will," is suggestive of Housman.

Was Hill, whose songs found their way into the radical and Socialist movement of every country, an occasional thug finally paying the penalty for murder or a dauntless labor organizer martyred by the bosses? Stegner suggests he was both.

Credit the Wobblies with teaching the bosses to behave, though at first it is true the corporations built phony company unions until they were forced to disband them in compliance with the Wagner Act.

When unions currently crusade in the South they still sing; but Joe Glazer's adaptation of the Negro spirituals replaces the hymn tunes and the bitter parodies of Joe Hill about whom Stegner's book will revive and provoke much argument.

—MARK STARR.

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STEPHEN CRANE: LOST AND FOUND

(Continued from page 21)

them in the two decades ahead. The Williams-Starrett bibliography cites forty-four entries for material about Crane appearing in books and periodicals during the 1930's and only twenty-one during the 1940's. But the 1950's are off to a rousing start with the appearance of John Berryman's biography—a much more definitive work than Beer's, with a final chapter (whch one can take or let alone) that tries to reduce Crane to an almost mathematical Freudian formula.

For an author to survive by one book is infinitely better than for an author to fail to survive by any book. Single-title immortality is by no means the uncommon lot even among the big names. We can never know how many readers of the single book are impelled thereby to further exploration along paths which may lead them perforce to the antiquarian bookseller and the public library. (There are far worse places to be led to.)

"The Red Badge of Courage" is a classic example of single-title survival. Americans have fought in three wars since its publication, and each of those wars has attested to Crane's perceptiveness. The book did not need the wars in order to survive, but they helped. The American Civil War itself remains the most romantic episode in our history and our three subsequent involvements on foreign soil have only heightened its romantic character. "The Red Badge of Courage" may not be the only story to treat of the Civil War with the glory down, but it was the first to do so. It belongs to another and a smaller group of Civil War novels. It does not take sides. Civil War fiction inclines, often violently, toward partisanship. Crane was as detached as a surgeon.

Crane is heading toward a fresh rediscovery in 1951. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have made "The Red Badge of Courage" into a motion picture scheduled for national release in March, and there is a pleasant irony in the fact that the part of Crane's hero-who-is-no-hero will be played by Audie Murphy, who holds the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The Folio Society of London has scheduled for publication in the fall of 1951 a "Red Badge" which will be edited from the manuscript and contain "considerable variants from the text hitherto used." Thus Stephen Crane is assured of two transfusions of immortality in 1951—the year in which, had he lived, he would have celebrated his eightieth birthday.

Jean Julius Christian Sibelius (born six years before Stephen Crane) may or may not slink down the cellar stairs whenever "Finlandia" is played, and Stephen Crane might have developed a comparable skin-crawl every time "The Red Badge of Courage" was mentioned. The fact that his other novels, all of them short for their day and rather shorter for ours, now go unread might not distress him, and toward his verse, with its conscious and even proclaimed echo of Emily Dickinson (an echo louder than the voice of origin), he might today be as patronizing and indulgent as the next man. (There is one great advantage in dying young—you can impute all your faults to your youth.) But he would, I am sure, take high pride in his competence with the short story, and it would be a proper pride. For Crane still has, and always will have, the capacity to teach by sterling example (as in "The Open Boat" and "The Blue Hotel") the fine art of narration.

This is the last in a series of revaluations that SRL *has presented in conjunction with the National Broadcasting Company and five universities participating in the "University of the Air."*

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 398

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 398 will be found in the next issue.

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EUROPE & THE VOICE OF AMERICA

(*Continued from page 8*)

of asserting and maintaining an attitude of defiance toward the Russians.

The Voice says to the West European, in effect:

"Our institutions are your institutions; our political, economic, and social concepts are fundamentally your concepts. If you follow the Russians or fail to resist them you will lose your traditional liberties and find that the Soviet Union's bright, economic blandishments are false. Take your stand with us. Preserve your free institutions, and we will help you to raise your own standard of living, without imposing our ways upon you. Only with us can you have the power to mold your own destiny."

GIVEN this communication purpose, what is it that the VOA listener actually hears? In terms of figures: 32 per cent news; 57 per cent analyses and features (which include political commentaries, press reviews, round-table discussions, documentaries, etc.); and 11 per cent music. He gets news and commentary that is admittedly "selected," but truthful. It is designed to counter Russian "selection" accompanied by flagrant distortion of fact, to bolster European morale and the will to resist, to assure Europe that the United States is doing all it can to achieve an honorable peace.

The documentary broadcasts are designed to convey a favorable image of the United States; to modify positively the stereotypes that the European has of the average American; to show him that Americans are not soulless robots who are proud only of their high standard of living, but rather that they have a serious and worthy cultural tradition and that they are aware of their own shortcomings.

The VOA's "feature" documentaries include historical dramas, programs about American industry, agriculture, labor unions, the place of American women in community life, books, music, schools, etc. A panorama of American life past and present is presented in an effort to communicate positive portraits about American values, qualities, hopes, and ideals.

The Voice of America, like a mighty pipe organ, uses many tones in speaking to the West Europeans. Its full diapason includes the candid approach, the rational, the hard-hitting, and the forceful—depending upon its assessment of the national character of its target and the line of Russian attack. The Voice appeals to sentiment; it is foreboding, fearful or satirical, belittling or condescending. Often morally righteous and indignant, it is almost never light or humorous and at times it is discursive.

The Voice is sensitive to charges of "meddling" in European internal affairs. It attempts to avoid any semblance of "telling" the Europeans exactly what they ought to do. Naturally, however, it seeks to influence their decisions and actions, obliquely and by subtle indirection. It can be utterly forthright, when the stakes are high enough, as it proved in the Italian elections.

In assessing the quality of the VOA's productions it is important to understand that the staff was originally recruited to do primarily a job of news communication, political commentary, and interviews—which job it has done and continues to do well. Only lately, under the impetus of increased budgets, has the Voice begun to produce dramas and documentaries, to hire writers, producers, and directors who have not only the basic language qualifications but also the training and talent necessary for this more complex and ambitious kind of broadcasting, and, lastly, to acquire the studio facilities required.

There are examples of imaginative concept and expression in VOA writing, but generally it is expository, even academic, and often long-winded. Some dramatic scripts reveal a surprising unfamiliarity with the fundamentals of the broadcast art. Scenes are impractically conceived, either exploiting too little of available production devices or making impossible demands of the technical palette.

The typical West European listener hears the Voice of America on his own national networks. Regularly scheduled VOA broadcasts are relayed on medium-wave local frequencies. They come through each day for thirty minutes to Austria, forty-five minutes each to France and West Germany, fifteen minutes to East Germany, and an hour to Italy. In addition, the Voice produces transcribed programs in the United States, which are shipped to the European networks and broadcast by them at convenient time-periods.

How effective is the VOA's communication to the mind of Europe? International broadcasting is in its early stages; the art of evaluating the effects of international broadcasting has not even reached its cradle.

How many people hear the VOA foreign-language relays? (The following figures are merely estimates, often hopeful.) A survey in France has estimated that between four and five million people listen at some time or other to "Ici New York," the 6:30 to 7:00 P. M. (local time) French broadcast. The VOA estimates that its 11:00 to 11:15 P. M. news program has, roughly, an audience of half a million listeners. A private German research organization surveyed VOA listening in parts of Western Germany at the beginning of 1950. It reported that 55 per cent of a cross-section of the population polled listen to the Voice regularly or occasionally. This was a gain of 29 per cent over German listening at the end of 1948. A VOA source, as of April 1, 1950, states that "it is estimated by the Rome office that . . . some ten million Italians hear something each week about the United States" (from VOA programs).

The Voice of America seems steadily to be gaining a wider audience, despite the fact that it is not heard in a monopoly atmosphere. The Voice must compete for listeners with Radio Luxembourg, Radio Switzerland, Radio Monte Carlo, the BBC, Radio Berlin, which is controlled by the Russians, and even with the American Armed Forces network, which is very popular with the Europeans, although it broadcasts in English to American occupation troops in Germany. Furthermore, the Voice is handicapped by the fact that it must make sudden stabs at its audience, attempting to be all things to all men in short periods of time, while its Continental rivals can build a lengthy and diversified program schedule.

Although there is some reason to believe that the Voice has a better cross-section of listeners in Germany, and perhaps in France, where the lower income groups own more radio sets than they do in other European countries, the VOA's audience generally is educationally advanced and well-to-do. These factors tend to predispose it favorably to the American point of view. The Voice, apparently, is not reaching Europe's educationally disadvantaged and poorer people. The studies indicate that these latter groups are the ones which are most "disaffected" toward the United States or most "apathetic." The statistics do not show whether these hostile and indifferent attitudes arise from economic and psychological frustrations or from lack of information and confusion of mind.

HOW does the European listener react to the Voice? "Favorable" is a word that occurs consistently in listener studies. Mail is almost unanimously enthusiastic, except for an occasional carp from a corresponding

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Communist. Listeners show their interest by writing for program schedules and other give-aways.

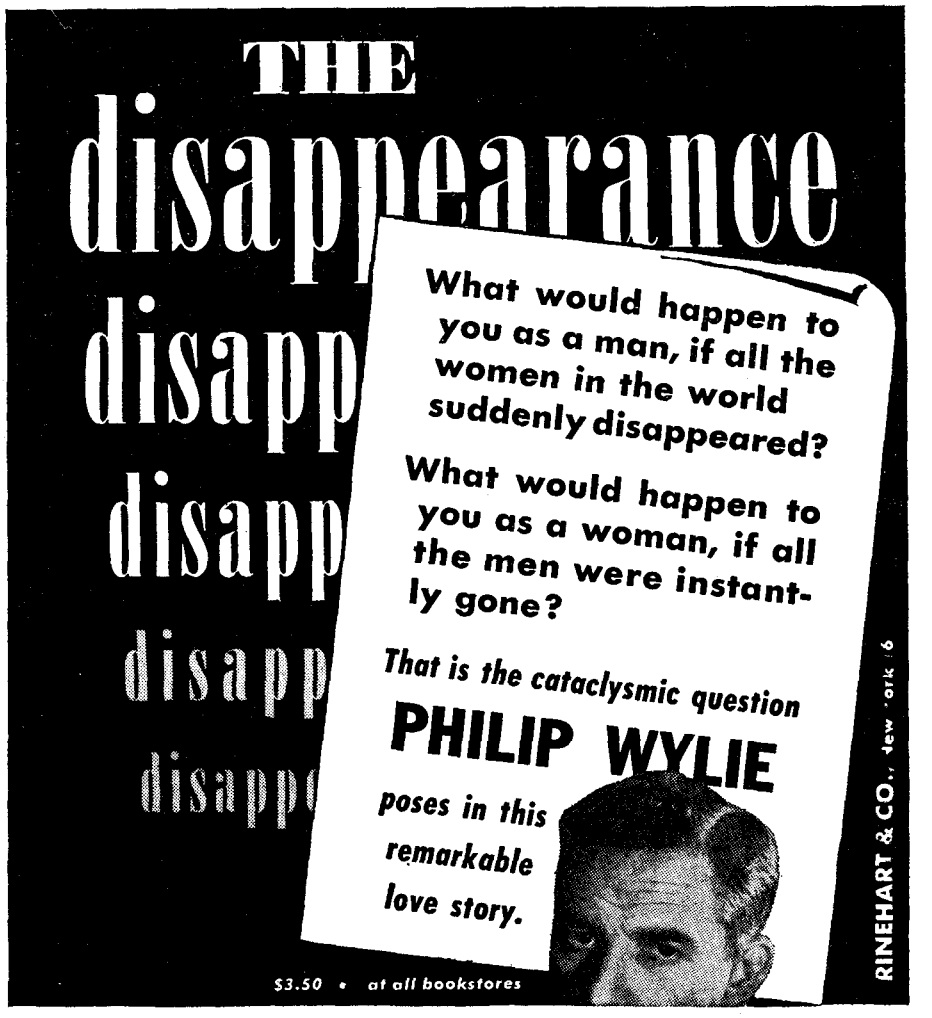
Total audience mail for the month of November 1950 totaled 25,623 letters. The monthly figure for Italy, Germany, and France is in each case between two and three thousand. While it is customary to multiply the sum of letter-writers by a number of others who feel similarly but do not trouble to write, it is generally conceded by VOA officials that mail is merely a suggestive rather than an accurate guide to listener attitudes.

The European listener is extremely sensitive to any traces of American superiority in Voice broadcasts, whether they be deliberate or unintentional. He is fed to his back teeth with American representations of the high standard of living in the United States. He knows that America has an abundance of cars, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and bathtubs; he would like, if you please, to hear no more about them—perhaps he is, naturally, a bit envious.

International Public Opinion Research, an American organization, tested a number of VOA broadcasts to five European countries in the summer of 1950. The tests were made abroad and used the program-analyzer method developed in the United States by commercial broadcasters. A selected group hears a recording of a program and registers its approval, disapproval, or indifference to program-sections by pressing buttons. The group also fills out written questionnaires and takes part in a free-discussion period after listening. This method has its recognized weaknesses, but the responses when properly interpreted are useful.

The IPOR tests revealed that Italian, French, German, and Austrian listeners insist that their native tongues be properly spoken by VOA speakers, without trace of accent. They would like the programs to be presented in familiar, national patterns. The French complain that VOA tempos are too slow; they want more speed, style, gaiety. The Germans, on the other hand, say that the Voice programs are too fast; it is a strain to follow them. The Italians want to hear ideas presented with humor and insight.

All of the nationals tested prefer their own music to American jazz and serious compositions. They say that the VOA gives them too much politics, that they prefer light entertainment. Yet, paradoxically, they insist that international news have relevancy to their own problems when it is presented by the Voice, and recent VOA audience mail and field reports have indicated a trend toward preference for serious programs, due, undoubted-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ly, to the increased tension in the world situation.

The French would like to hear reactions to American life from their own countrymen in the United States. They prefer to hear about "interesting" people with some measure of dignity. They want something familiar and yet something to "pique their interest."

As regards the struggle for his loyalties, the average Frenchman, Italian, German, or Austrian might say, in effect, to the Voice: "We have seen what Russia has to offer us and we have rejected it. Now our eyes are turned to the West. What do you offer? Are you worthy of our trust? Frankly, we are not sure. We have seen your tourists, your businessmen, your Hollywood films. Generally they are not very attractive. Tell us what you are really like. We are most eager to know. History has made you a leader. Prove to us that you have the qualities that make for moral as well as physical leadership. Otherwise we shall say "A plague on both your houses!'"

Some analysts of the VOA's program content suggest that the Voice speaks too much about America and about the Russians and not enough about the Europeans. Mass-communication hypotheses hold that it is necessary to establish rapport with a listener in order to convey a message effectively, modify an attitude, or induce an action. First, a "contact-bridge" must be crossed. Common assumptions and interests must be exploited. The listener's own concerns must be tapped, not those of the communicator thrust upon him. In short—to influence people you must first make friends.

The personnel of the Voice of America are fond of saying that their propaganda can be no better than American foreign policy. Ultimately, they say, Europe will judge the United States by its actions and not by its words. The Voice, for all its transmitters, wattages, and program-hours, can never earn for Americans the respect of the people of Europe if Americans are confused and unwilling to recognize and properly evaluate the great social upheavals that are shaking the community of mankind.

The skies above the continents and oceans have become back fences. People talk to people across them as neighbors—hostile, friendly, or indifferent. What is the nature of proper international communication — the manners, as it were, of worldwide broadcasting? Is it deemed correct to enter a man's home and bombard him with conversation about one's self? Do we pace the floor and tell him how noble we are and how evil is the man across the street? Or do we speak to him in the beginning of simple, fundamental, human things, and then, as we are permitted deeper into his confidence and affections, turn the conversation to more serious matters, seeking always to achieve a sharing and an enrichment of views?

The principal weaknesses in the Voice of America's effort to communicate seem to be lack of proper orientation, of preliminary emphasis, of empathy, identification, and therapeutic programming. The European mind is in a state of shock. No amount of exposition, exhortation, and argument will suffice to shake it out of its trauma. Only an approach that makes warm, human "contact," that reasons away concrete objections and reservations, that probes subjective levels of fears, rationalizations, and escapes can ever hope permanently to correct misinformation, dissolve doubts and anxieties, and give not unequivocal assurance but hope, confidence, and a willingness to face the risks and pay the great price of survival.

CRITICS of the Voice lay the blame for its communication weaknesses at the organizational level. They claim that the chiefs of the VOA are diplomats rather than professional broadcasters. They maintain that their staff lack experience and training in international broadcasting, whatever other highly specialized qualifications they possess for their difficult task.

Furthermore, VOA critics point out that only one country assigns international broadcasting to the foreign affairs department — the USA. Most other nations, say the critics, have given the job of representing them to the world to broadcasting organizations, which are responsible to and advised by diplomats but which function more or less independently of them and are controlled by expert broadcasters. An autonomous organization, say the VOA critics, is removed from the nation's political arena, and therefore less inhibited; it can give a more balanced, truthful, and therefore more persuasive picture of the nation to foreign listeners; it can exploit more effectively the art of broadcasting.

Officials of the Voice reply candidly to these criticisms. They admit that much red tape would be cut if the State Department's "ugly duckling" were separated from it. They hold, however, that much speed would be lost in policy consultation and direction, and that this loss would be serious in the present mercurial international situation—to which critics reply that the BBC, which is not directly under the foreign office, acts as speedily as the VOA.

VOA officials plead guilty to lack

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of a thorough staff-training program such as the BBC utilizes and to a corresponding scarcity of imaginative broadcasters and techniques. They explain that insufficient funds have handicapped them in the past in attracting top personnel.

Soviet Russia is taking increasing notice of the Voice of America in its press and radio comments. Studies show mounting Russian references designed to undermine in advance what the Voice will say, to discredit it, and to persuade Europeans that its purposes must fail. VOA officials happily regard the Soviet Union's increased recognition as evidence of the Voice's effectiveness in frustrating Russian propaganda aims.

THE sobering march of world events has caused politicians in the United States to cease their chant of "boondoggling" and "dabbling in radio" with regard to the Voice. Americans are coming slowly to understand the importance of the world propaganda war. But some still call the Voice "reactionary" and others call it "pink." Republicans still have fears that the Democrats are using it as a weapon to promote the Fair Deal and to intrench the present administration in office.

The truth of the matter is that the Voice is staffed by men and women who know well the stakes in the world contest of ideas, whatever the degree of their professional competence may be. Some of them know it from grim, personal experience in Europe. The VOA staff for the most part works hard with little regard for hours and with much heart—trying to do as best it can a new and unprecedented job in a tense, difficult, and explosive situation.

The Voice of America is expanding and will continue to expand, impelled by the impetus of new funds and the mounting pressure of world events. The Program Evaluation Branch when its research gets under way will be able to make specific recommendations for improvement. The production chiefs will press their views that VOA operations must be decentralized, that personnel should be sent not only to Europe for field refreshment but also to the farms, villages, and small towns of America to uncover the deeper well-springs of American life.

In the end, however, the staff of the Voice must be more than "manipulators" and "engineers of consent." The struggle for men's loyalties will not be won by communicators, however clever or talented they may be. It will be won by moral and spiritual leadership.

Charles Malik, Lebanese Minister to the United States and delegate to the United Nations, has said to Americans: "Atomic security is not enough. Material force by itself, no matter how overwhelming . . . is important only insofar as it is a stage in inducing the necessary modifications of attitude, whereby people are respected, trusted, and loved. Sooner or later a penetration of mind by mind and spirit by spirit must take place. This means that you must have a cultural and spiritual message, which will be so profound, so true, so universal, as to satisfy the thirsty souls of men everywhere. . . . Can you develop a type of man who sums up in his character such a quality of understanding, of humility, of truth, of humor, of moral stature, of strength and resourcefulness of mind, of pregnant ideas, of universal sympathy and friendship and love . . .? The future belongs to the country and the people who . . . seeking understanding in good will, humble before—because genuinely respectful of—others, and refusing to have pleasure as its dominant quest, is able to call forth from its own inner spiritual resources sufficient strength and vision with which to embrace the whole world, in love and in truth. The only question is: which is that country and who is that people?"

History has assigned to the American people the twofold task of achieving a fuller measure of the leadership demanded by Charles Malik, and of making a greater effort in terms of money and imagination to communicate it. In the words of Senator William Benton, of Connecticut, who has asked for a "Marshall Plan of ideas," the United States must make the international propagation of the democratic creed "an instrument of supreme national policy." It must take the lead—while there is still time—in a pooling of the total psychological resources of the nations of the North Atlantic community. The free nations have established a joint military command; they are integrating their economic potentials; they must not neglect to unify and to strengthen—at once—the psychological third front, the ultimate front where the mid-century struggle between freedom and tyranny, between the material and the spiritual, will finally be decided.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

SONATA AND TRIO-SONATA—NATURAL COLOR

Strings

TARTINI: IN A, G; CORELLI: IN D, E (OP. 5, #7, #2). Fredell Lack, violin, Fernando Valenti, harpsichord.
Allegro LP: AL 94

TARTINI: IN B FLAT; MATTHESON: IN E MI.; TELEMANN: IN A MI., G MI. Louis Kaufman, violin; A. Geoffroy-Dechaume, harpsichord.
Lyrichord LP: LL 8

TELEMANN: IN F MI.; GALLIARD: IN A MI., F. Hermann Busch, cello; E. Weiss-Mann, harpsichord.
Allegro LP: AL 65

HANDEL: IN F (OP. 5, #6); TELEMANN: IN E MI., A MI. ("SON. POLONAISE"); BACH: IN C. (all for two violins). W. Schneiderhan, G. Swoboda, violins; F. Holletschek, harpsichord.
Westminster LP: WL 50-36

Flutes, Oboe

LOEILLET: F MI. FOR FLUTE; G MI. FOR TWO FLUTES; D MI. FOR FL. & OBOE.
Allegro LP: AL 69

HANDEL: #3 & #5 FOR FLUTE; E MI. FOR TWO FLUTES ALONE; B FLAT FOR FL. & OBOE.
Allegro LP: AL 59

BACH: A. MI. FOR FLUTE ALONE; G FOR FL. & VIOLIN.
Allegro LP: AL 89

All of above: Ph. Kaplan, Lois Schaeffer, flutes; John Holmes, oboe; Ruth Posselt, vl.; Sam. Mayes, cello; Erwin Bodky, harp'd.

RAMEAU: FIVE PIECES EN CONCERT "SUITES". Ph. Kaplan, flute; S. Mayes, cello; E. Bodky, harpsichord.
Allegro LP: AL 83

▶ Another major LP development is surveyed in this condensed round-up. These many short works with their uninspiring titles make a cross-section of the loveliest and most typical eighteenth-century sound—highly colored solo instruments filling an intimately spacious music hall. The piano is wholly taboo in this music; the harpsichord a tonal necessity for color, spaciousness, and balance. On our concert stage this music is mostly unlistenable. Only on records can it reassume, as here, its properly large and colorful sound, its true informality.

▶ Allegro is a present leader here. Its recordings, taped in U. S., are technically good with close-to, sharp, occasionally harsh sound; good liveness; good highs, good balance. The records are cut perilously heavily (tendency to blast or skip grooves). The Lyrichord disc (French?) is dullish with flat-toned harpsichord, off-mike violin, though it's easily listenable. Westminster's disc, softer toned than Allegro, has excellent highs, balance, warmth.

▶ These sonatas (exc. flutes—alone) are for one or two solo instrs. plus an equal "continuo" melody in harps. bass, sometimes reinforced by cello—hence "trio-sonata," three voices. Harmony in keyboard right hand thickens mixture. Occasionally the harpsichord has solo (obbligato) role. Sound, as here properly re-created, is beautifully rich and full, with none of usual thin "chamber music" tone—as we hear it in large halls.

▶ Most novel group here is the French-Italian. The Tartini Sonatas are warmly personal, lyric, with suggestions of early Haydn *galant* style; the Loeillets are similarly fluent and minus heaviness; Corelli, in this proper setting, is astonishingly brilliant, modern. (He is the earliest.)

▶ It clearly takes performers who know the medium and its background to play this music—big names or no. These players average very high in understanding. The Lack-Valenti team gives tense, brilliant performances of Tartini and Corelli. Busch (Adolph's brother) and Weiss-Mann do a quiet, lyric playing of the cello music; Westminster's Viennese players are similarly quiet, very musical. The prolific Mayes-Bodky group do good work, though rhythm is occasionally rather thumpy. The flute tone color is beautifully recorded—the sound of this whole group is a revelation as to true intent of this kind of music. Of all the list only the Kaufman seems anachronistic in the playing; his sweet tone, pronounced vibrato, tendency to expressive sliding, is out of place in spite of conscientious, accurate playing.

▶ The Rameau (left) is listed here as a contrast. The music is quite unlike the trio-sonata; here the harpsichord is an orchestral-like leader, with flute obligato and a minor cello part. Rich, songful music.

(Note: The Prades Bach records are not included above because of their "transcription" format, with well-known pianists and other "big names" performing in present-day concert style.)

THE GRAND SONATA

BEETHOVEN: SONATAS, OP. 53 ("Waldstein"); OP. 10, #3 IN D. Kurt Appelbaum, piano.
Westminster LP: WL 50-44

BEETHOVEN: SONATAS, OP. 101 IN A; OP. 10, #3 IN D. Leonid Hambro, piano.
Allegro LP: AL 85

▶ Piano on LP is still so-so, though these rate as good. The Columbia technique is epitomized on the Westminster disc—close-to, with hard, percussive *forte*, a lovely *pianissimo*. The Allegro disc is more distant but in thin, narrow liveness, "off-mike" a bit. (See *SRL* Dec. 14, 1949 for Arrau "Waldstein.")

▶ Appelbaum's Beethoven is worth close study; meticulous to composer's tempo and pedal indications, ultra-careful phrasing, dynamics; a mature concept especially in fine tension of very slow mvts. Still, a bit dry. Hambro is far less subtle, often brash, hard, but his playing is intelligent and powerful.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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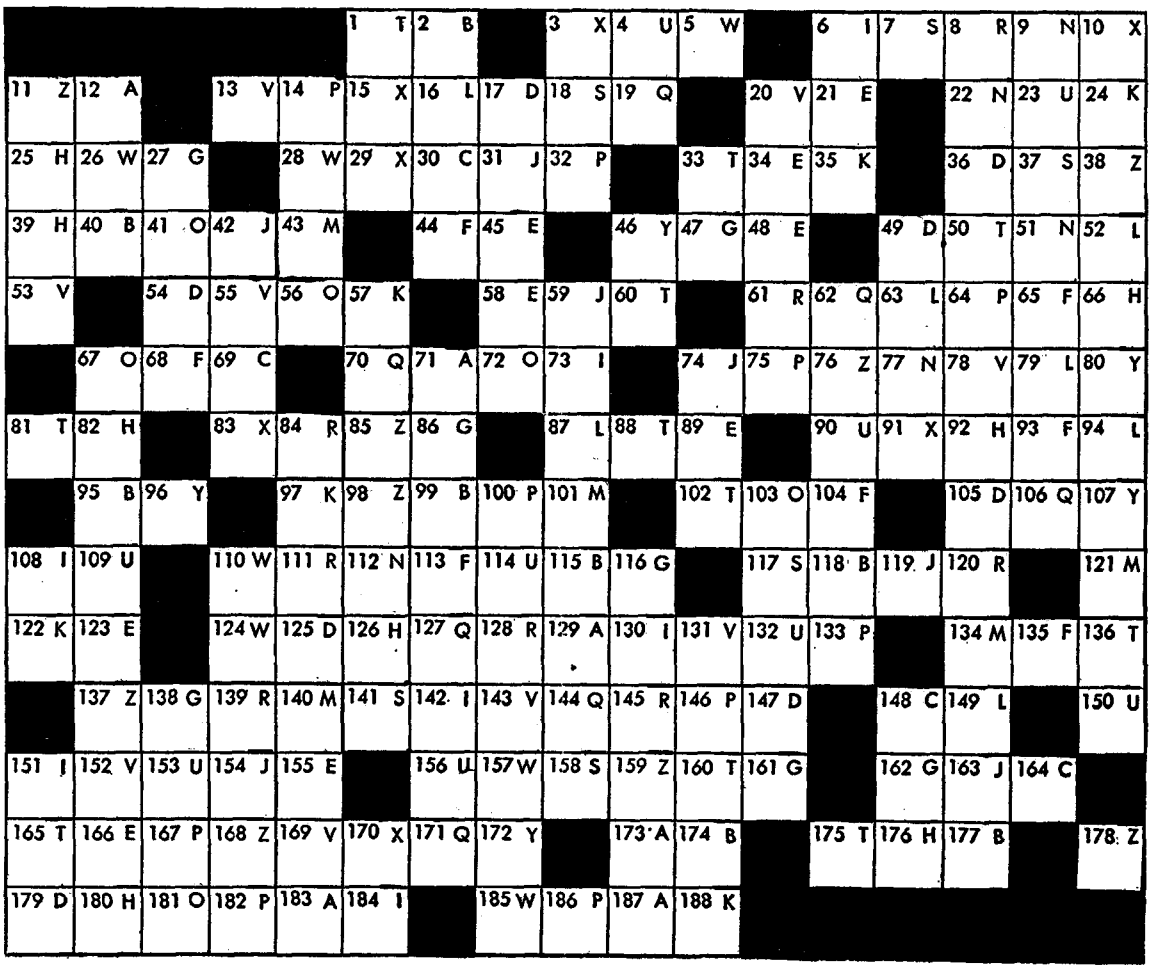
C. A crossbow for shooting stones.	30 148 164 69
D. Invoked as a witness.	179 17 49 147 36 54 125 105
E. Hero of pair of lovers in the "Ethiopica" by Heliodorus, earliest of extant Greek romances, 4th cent. A.D.	58 34 89 166 155 48 45 123 21
F. American editor and writer (1819-81; "Sevenoaks", etc.).	135 44 93 65 113 68 104
G. Indians in Tierra del Fuego, southernmost people of the earth.	116 138 47 161 162 86 27
H. Acting with great force; intense.	25 39 176 92 180 66 126 82
I. To venture upon.	151 184 142 6 130 73 108
J. Largest of Elizabeth Islands, off southern mainland of Massachusetts.	154 119 74 31 59 42 163
K. Nymph pursued by Apollo, transformed into a laurel (Gr. myth.).	97 24 188 122 57 35
L. Pipes or channels to carry off fluids.	16 79 149 94 52 87 63
M. Shabby; mean; angry (slang).	43 140 121 134 101
N. Heroine of "The Lady of the Lake" (first name).	77 9 22 51 112

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. A wood nymph (Gr. myth.).	103 67 181 56 72 41
P. "Boy Poet" of the 18th century (1752-70).	14 146 100 133 32 186 167 64 182 75
Q. Burdensome; oppressive.	144 171 106 19 127 62 70
R. The goal posts (football).	128 145 61 111 8 84 139 120
S. City in Italy where Vergil's tomb is located.	7 117 37 158 18 141
T. Bucolic; pastoral.	175 88 60 81 165 50 1 33 136 102 160
U. To stock anew.	150 4 156 114 23 132 153 90 109
V. County in northern England.	169 13 143 152 53 55 20 78 131
W. Fanned (baseball slang).	5 185 157 110 28 26 124
X. A counterfeit (rare).	170 91 29 15 10 3 83
Y. Embroidered object often worn compulsorily by heretics who had recanted.	96 107 172 80 46
Z. Surrounded.	85 11 137 159 168 178 38 98 76

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE VOTES ELEANOR ROOSEVELT "GREATEST LIVING WOMAN" IN AMERICA AND IN THE WORLD

The final results of the "Saturday Review of Literature" poll have named Eleanor Roosevelt the "greatest living woman" not only in America, but in the world. This two-crown victory adds further distinction to a great and gracious woman.

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Broadcasting over WNBC, Mrs. Roosevelt has presented some of the Nation's most stimulating personalities. On her program you've heard Tallulah Bankhead, Ezzard Charles, Fred Allen, Carlos Romulo—plus a long and distinguished list of the celebrated people whose life stories (like Mrs. Roosevelt's) are a part of America.

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"Greatest living American"
1. GEN. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER **2. BERNARD BARUCH**

"Greatest living person in the world"
1. WINSTON CHURCHILL **2. ALBERT SCHWEITZER**

Second "greatest living woman" in America
ANNA ROSENBERG

Second "greatest living woman" in the world
MADAME PANDIT

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, U.S. Delegate to United Nations General Assembly, author, commentator, columnist, world-traveler, humanitarian . . . the most distinguished woman of our time.

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Dear Saturday Review Reader:

I do not often write letters suggesting that you pay special attention to one of our books. However, now and then one comes along in which I have such faith that it would be almost wrong to keep silent.

Such a book is MOULDED IN EARTH by a young Welshman, Richard Vaughan. It is a first book — a novel — and what leads me to speak of it to you is its extraordinary beauty. It is a forceful tale of people living among the Welsh mountains and the roots of the story are deep in the soil from which these people sprung. It is full of beauty and music and vital strength.

MOULDED IN EARTH reminds one of the work of Mary Webb and of Richard Llewelyn although the nature of the book is entirely its own. I feel very strongly that when something as fine and as permanent in value as this comes to us that we should all do our best to see that it is not overlooked and lost in the flood of ephemeral matter of which there is so much these days.

MOULDED IN EARTH is a short book and I believe that the reading of a few pages will explain why I feel it has depth and quality and lasting value.

I came across this book while in London last June. I was in the office of Sir John Murray, talking with his nephew, Jock, and in the way of all publishers looking for the proverbial pearl, asked whether they had something really good, by a new and coming author, "You know, like Mary Webb when she started" — and so it was my wife and I took the proofs of MOULDED IN EARTH on the Queen of Scots as we went to Edinburgh and the Highlands. It was all I could do to keep my wife from getting off the train and telephoning Jock to accept the book then and there — she was so taken by it. I shared her enthusiasm and was fortunate in arranging for the American rights, and now we are about to publish it.

I hope that you will share my high opinion of this unusual book, and extend my cordial greetings.

Sincerely,

E. P. DUTTON & CO., INC.

Elliott B. Macrae.

Elliott B. Macrae
President

P.S. Since writing the above, the reviews have begun to come in. Sterling North, in the New York World-Telegram, declares that "Richard Llewelyn's HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY was equal but not superior to MOULDED IN EARTH." Orville Prescott, in the New York Times, says that "This wild Welsh novel is beautiful in a romantically Welsh fashion...MOULDED IN EARTH seems as authentically rural Wales in the Eighteen Nineties as Mary Webb's novels were rural Shropshire of an earlier era." W. G. Rogers, the Associated Press, writes, "These men and women live fully and intensely; their caresses are as fiery as their blows. The poignancy and earthiness, the happiness and tragedy in them and in their village are revealed in a prose which often rises to the level of poetry." James Hilton, in the New York Herald Tribune, finds it "As old as the hills and as fresh as a spring morning." And Basil Woon, in the San Francisco News, advises, "Do not miss MOULDED IN EARTH. With his first novel young Mr. Vaughan has written his way into the top ten of contemporary novelists."

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